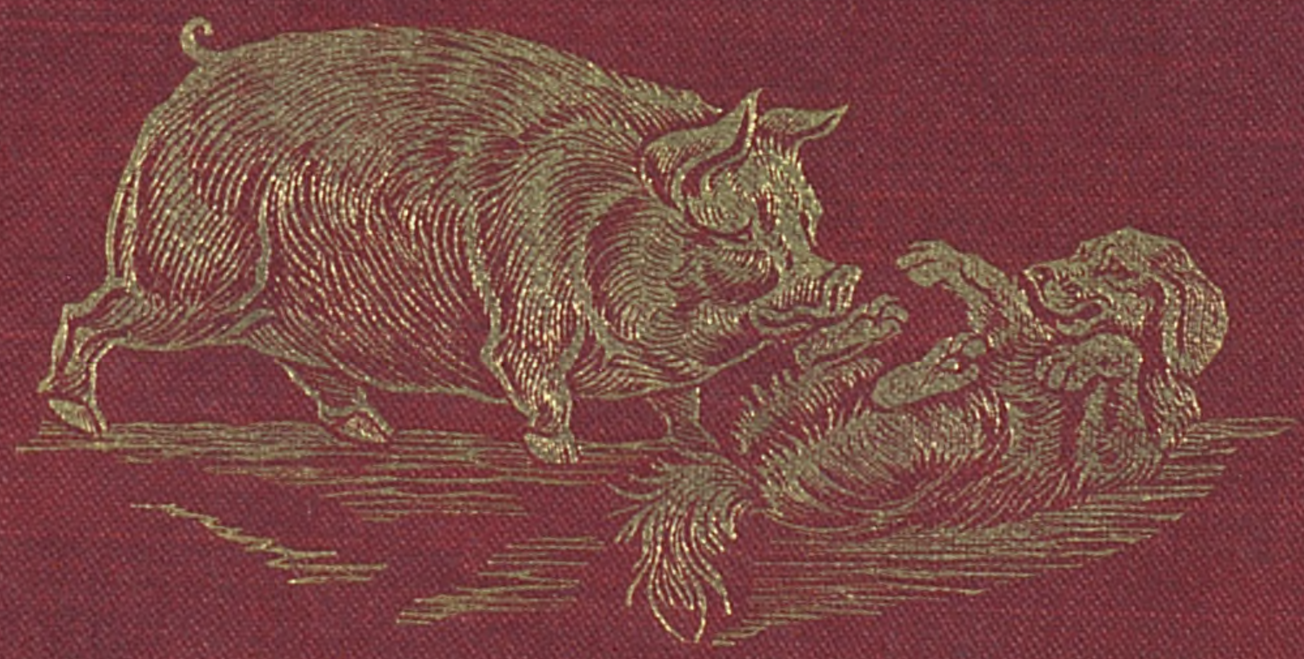
STORIES FROM LOWLY LIFE



#279

$2.00

Edward F. Sullivan

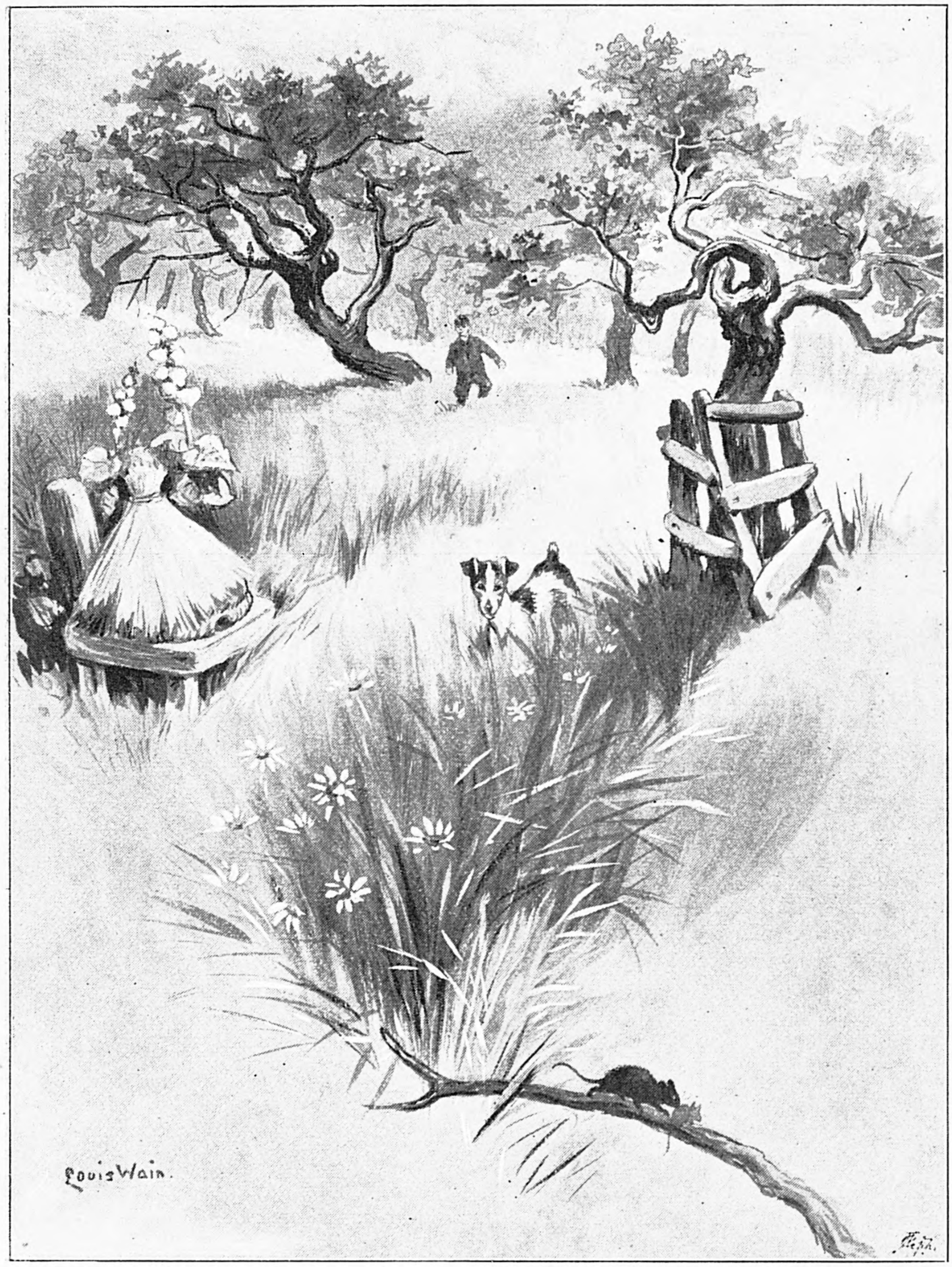
from

Aunt Hannah

May 20th 1908

Lyme

STORIES FROM LOWLY LIFE



RUNNING ACROSS THE ORCHARD. [*Page* 1.

STORIES
FROM LOWLY LIFE

BY

C. M. DUPPA

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY LOUIS WAIN

London
MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
NEW YORK: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1898

RICHARD CLAY AND SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON AND BUNGAY.

AS A SMALL TOKEN OF GRATITUDE

TOWARDS THE ONE WHOSE TEACHING

AND LOVE OF NATURE

HAVE BEEN AN UNENDING SOURCE OF HAPPINESS,

THESE LITTLE STORIES ARE LOVINGLY

Dedicated

BY THE WRITER

September 20th, 1897

CONTENTS

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

STORIES FROM LOWLY LIFE

THE STORY OF A HUMBLE LIFE

In the first place he was a waif.

His mother, a large old wood-mouse, was running across the sunny orchard with him in her mouth when she was seen and pursued by the stable-boy and the fox-terrier. In the hurry and scuffle the mother, by some fortunate chance, escaped, and the little one was picked up from amongst the long grass and ox-daisies where he had fallen, and brought into the house, it being well known on the place that any "queer beastis" was pretty sure to meet with a warm welcome there.

But at first he seemed likely to prove an exception to the rule. If you come to consider it carefully, an inch and a half of pinky flesh, over which the faintest suspicion of grey fur is beginning to dawn, and to

which are attached four little pink paws, and at one end of which shapeless mass two unpleasant dark lumps suggest the possibility of future eyes, and a slit of a mouth, continually agape, proclaims a perpetual hunger within ; the total, though interesting, is not fascinating : and when you further consider that you are expected to rear the helpless little creature by hand, you will, if at all experienced in such matters, feel it is a job you would rather decline.

However, after many persuasions and entreaties, he was received into the family, and a nest was forthwith made ready for him.

It was early in May, and the nights were still chilly, so especial care was necessary to guard against cold. First of all, a small, strongly woven Madeira basket was lined with flannel ; then a nest of cotton-wool and wadding was made inside it, and warmed and shaped by a hot egg being rolled in it. Then the infant mouse was lifted in, and covered up with more wool and flannel ; the whole basket was then wrapped in house-flannel, and placed on the top of a hot-water tin, and finally, the whole, with the exception of a small space at the top to admit fresh air, was enveloped in a large fleecy bath towel.

Lodging was thus satisfactorily arranged ; board was a far more difficult matter. He was too young to lap milk from a saucer, too small to take it from a bottle after the fashion of pet lambs, and apparently too fastidious to relish it from a camel's hair brush.

We were reduced to letting the milk fall drop by drop on to his mouth from the brush ; about half would be swallowed, and the rest trickled down his chin and paws.

He had been brought into the house at four p.m., and by eight we began to despair of feeding him, particularly as he was evidently growing weaker, when, fortunately, he discovered how to feed himself.

He was held in the hand whilst having his meals, and during the struggles which went on some of the milk ran down into the cracks of the palm of the hand, and probably became considerably warmed there ; and he, feeling about in his blind way, came upon it, and managed half to lick and half to suck it out of each crack.

From that time forward feeding was easy though slow ; the milk was allowed to run along the cracks of the hand, and he licked it up.

Naturally, this process was a very messy one ; and

the fur as it grew became very sticky, to the great annoyance of its owner, who, blind and helpless as he was, did his utmost to keep clean.

It was touching, and yet ludicrous, to see that pink and grey morsel, still blind, sitting bolt upright, and trying with might and main to wash his back!

Ears, paws, and tail, were quickly managed ; but the middle of the back gave him a deal of trouble, and every now and then, in the midst of the performance, he would collapse and roll over, then, recovering his balance, start afresh.

So things went on for two days, but on the third morning, when his first meal was to be given, at 5.30, it was almost too late. Five was the hour at which his two previous breakfasts had been served. The night had been unusually chilly, and what with cold and hunger, the little thing was so weak that he could not feed himself : it was all he could do to swallow the milk when it was dropped on his mouth ; but warmth and food gradually brought him round, and on that day his eyes opened, to the great excitement and delight of the family.

Feeding was now an easy matter ; in a few more days he learnt to lap from a spoon, and then to eat solid, or semi-solid, food.

Each morning, at breakfast, a bit of bread was scalded, then soaked in cold milk, and some sugar was sprinkled over the whole : this constituted his staple article of diet for some weeks ; then, by degrees, he was introduced to corn, fruit, and potatoes, and soon exhibited marked partialities and dislikes towards different kinds of food.

At that time the household numbered among its members four white, or rather piebald, mice, as well as a pair of handsome well-to-do dormice, each of whom rejoiced in a name, so it was felt that one must also be found for the new comer. After much debate it was settled that he should be called Pretty, and surely no pet ever better deserved the epithet.

Imagine a sleek, plump personage, of about two inches long (he was only half-grown at this time), with a tail of about the same length, clad in a coat of the softest and most velvety grey, and a vest of pure white shading off into a bluish slate-colour, beneath which peeped out four little paws, most delicately formed, with tiny claws ending in minute, though needle-pointed nails, and all of a more tender shade of pink than the most delicate coral. The head was, perhaps, rather a weak point, having still a babyish, unfinished look about it, and being much rounder

than is the case in adult specimens. But the eyes were beautiful, large, dark, and liquid, like those of the dormouse, which animal, indeed, this pet of ours, the *Mus sylvaticus*, resembled in several points, rather than the field-mouse or house-mouse.

As he grew older his colour changed, and he assumed a coat of rich dark brown, with a suspicion of orange here and there ; the under line of slaty-blue became more pronounced ; and the teeth from a pale shade turned to bright orange, with an edge like that of the best steel chisel for keenness. His ears became very large, round in shape, and of transparent delicacy, showing clearly the course of each vein, though covered on the outside with the silkiest of hair.

The exercise of his teeth was to him a constant source of amusement at all hours of the day and night ; and to his owners it was an equally constant source of worry and vexation, as no cage could be found strong enough to withstand his ceaseless gnawing.

Of course, the old basket, his nursery, had long since been bitten through, and was found empty and cold one fine morning, the little rascal himself, after a prolonged search, being discovered in an empty ash

pan at the back of a grate—a cold one, luckily for him.

Then a substantial, well-built dormouse cage was tried. In some mysterious way he forced open the door of this new residence, departed, and was found next morning in another room, down a flight of stairs, rolled up asleep in the folds of a heavy curtain.

His wanderings at this period of his career were all but endless. He made himself a perfect nuisance; and on one occasion, when we had, most reluctantly, been compelled to call in the aid of the common trap and toasted cheese, it was nearly decided that he should be carried back to his native orchard, and there set free.

Then occurred the brilliant idea—destructive birds, like parrots, live in cages made entirely of metal, why not a mouse? So a cage was built of tin, enamelled; but the back, front, and roof, in order to admit light and air abundantly, and yet not allow his slippery body to squeeze through, were of perforated zinc, of a large, open pattern.

This answered capitally, and a little division being placed across the cage at one end, he had a dining-room and bed-room. The bed itself was an extra-

ordinary sight, a miscellaneous collection of every scrap and shred he could lay his paws on, mixed up with hay and grass.

He was always most gentle and sweet-tempered,

COMPELLED TO CALL IN THE AID OF THE COMMON TRAP AND TOASTED CHEESE

but to interfere with his nest evidently annoyed him greatly, and of course periodically his bed-room had to be "turned out," and the various odds and ends contained therein, from an old bent and battered thimble down to a bit of potato, got rid of.

Jackdaws and magpies are said to be great thieves, and "Pretty's" character was no better; specially fascinating to him was anything that glittered or sparkled.

It was a favourite family amusement in the evening to let him out of his cage, and see how many things he would carry off. On one occasion he actually succeeded in dragging into his cage a dessert fork (though the sill of the doorway over which he had to raise it was quite two inches high), a thimble, a ring, and finally a sovereign. The latter bothered him more than all the other things put together, as it was laid perfectly flat on the table, and he could not get a good grip of it; but at last he managed to tilt it, then, seizing the edge in his mouth, ran triumphantly to bed with his prey. Sometimes, after sleeping quietly, he would suddenly get up, run restlessly about the cage, uttering a curious little chuckling sort of sound, and commence piling all his food together in a heap. Acorns, nuts, bread-and-milk pan, water-dish, corn, on they all went, pell-mell—after which he proceeded to scrape the sand together with his paws, and cover the heap with it, till, apparently disgusted at such slow progress, he would turn his back upon the pile, and with his hind feet kick up

the sand all over it; having done this, he immediately retired to bed, chuckling loudly.

After observing him carefully for some months, it was found that he only behaved in this manner before very bad weather, or, in the winter, before a hard frost.

In fact, to hear that Pretty had made a "granary," as we called it, served as a regular storm-warning, nor did he ever prove a false prophet.

There are instances recorded of animals of different species forming warm and apparently disinterested friendships for each other; and of this sort was Pretty's affection for a small and sickly dormouse, which for some weeks he took under his especial care and protection, sharing his food and nest with it, and licking and washing it as a cat does her kitten.

But the best friends must part, and Pretty was too wakeful a creature for the dormouse, who in the winter likes to sleep for several days together, becoming, when in a healthy state, absolutely cold. The wood-mouse, on the other hand, appears to require but little sleep, and, so far as we could learn, always remains warm. Consequently, whilst they shared the same quarters, the dormouse never settled

down into sound slumber ; if he tried, his companion promptly licked him till he was wide awake.

Perhaps it was in a fit of nervous irritability, caused by want of sleep, that the invalid one day bit two joints off Pretty's tail, apparently without reprisals on the part of the victim ; but we thought it better that there should be two establishments after this.

For some little time after this episode our friend seemed dull, till one day, when searching on the table for fresh acquisitions, he discovered a tiny model rabbit, in grey "biscuit" china, about an inch long. Can he have imagined it to be some sort of young mouse? Be that as it might, he instantly seized the rabbit, and carried it off to bed, and for many days licked and tended it, as he had the dormouse, bringing food to it into his nest. Probably he came gradually to the melancholy conclusion that it was only a fraud after all, for at last he kicked it out of bed, and buried it in the "granary," though he strongly objected to its being removed from the cage.

He was exceedingly attached to his owner, whom he never attempted to bite, even when his ill-gotten gains were taken out of his very mouth ; though on occasions he would kick and squeak with passion.

Once, when he was very ill, and a swelling on his

side had to be bathed, though each touch must have caused great pain, and he must have known the power of his strong sharp teeth, he lay quite patiently,

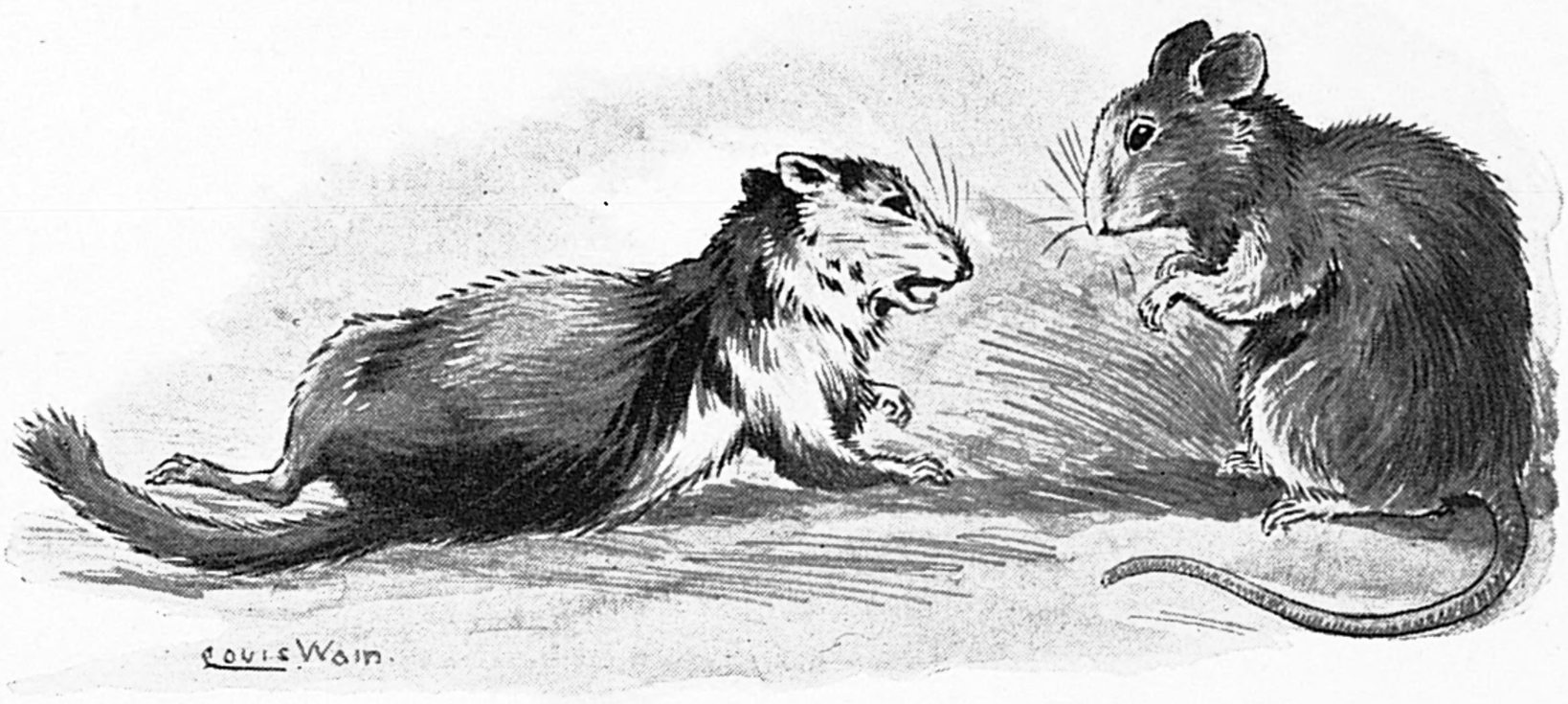
WHEN SEARCHING ON THE TABLE HE DISCOVERED A TINY MODEL RABBIT.

hardly needing to be held, only now and again gently licking the kind fingers, with whose sympathetic touch he had been familiar all his life.

It was amusing to watch his behaviour to "Bobby," the handsome powerful old dormouse, who suffered from a perpetual pain in his temper, and who was known on one occasion to have devoured half the tail of a fellow lodger during the hours of darkness.

Bobby and Pretty lived in a state of armed neutrality; "you leave me alone, and I'll leave you alone," was written in every line of their long, curved whiskers, pricked ears, bright eyes, and uplifted fore-paws. Only twice did they actually come to blows, Pretty securing the victory; and as the details were practically the same each time, one description will serve for both battles. They were accustomed to creep into the wide sleeve of their owner's flannel jacket, and by long custom it was more Pretty's place than Robert's; however, one night the latter took possession first, curled himself round, tail over nose, till he looked like a large yellow apricot, shut his wicked little eyes, and dozed. Up came Pretty and crept in, meaning to go shares, mild and peaceable. Not so Bobby, who woke and sat up, eyes wide open, ears pricked, tail held out stiff and distended (he had lost part of it in some ancient fray, and wore a tuft at the end), every hair of his white frill standing up rigid and separate; he turned over very slightly on

his side, raised one fore-paw, and showed his yellow old teeth. Pretty sat quite still for half a minute, with his back humped up, and a look of blank amazement on his face; clearly, a fellow creature in such an awful rage was a new light to him. As he gazed, Bobby sidled up a little nearer, darted out his paw, which severely clawed his adversary's nose, and then,



PRETTY SAT QUITE STILL FOR HALF A MINUTE, WITH HIS BACK HUMPED UP.

sad to relate, spat most viciously at the latter. Next second he was in full retreat up the jacket-sleeve, having received two tremendous boxes on the ear, and Pretty calmly occupied the position vacated by the enemy.

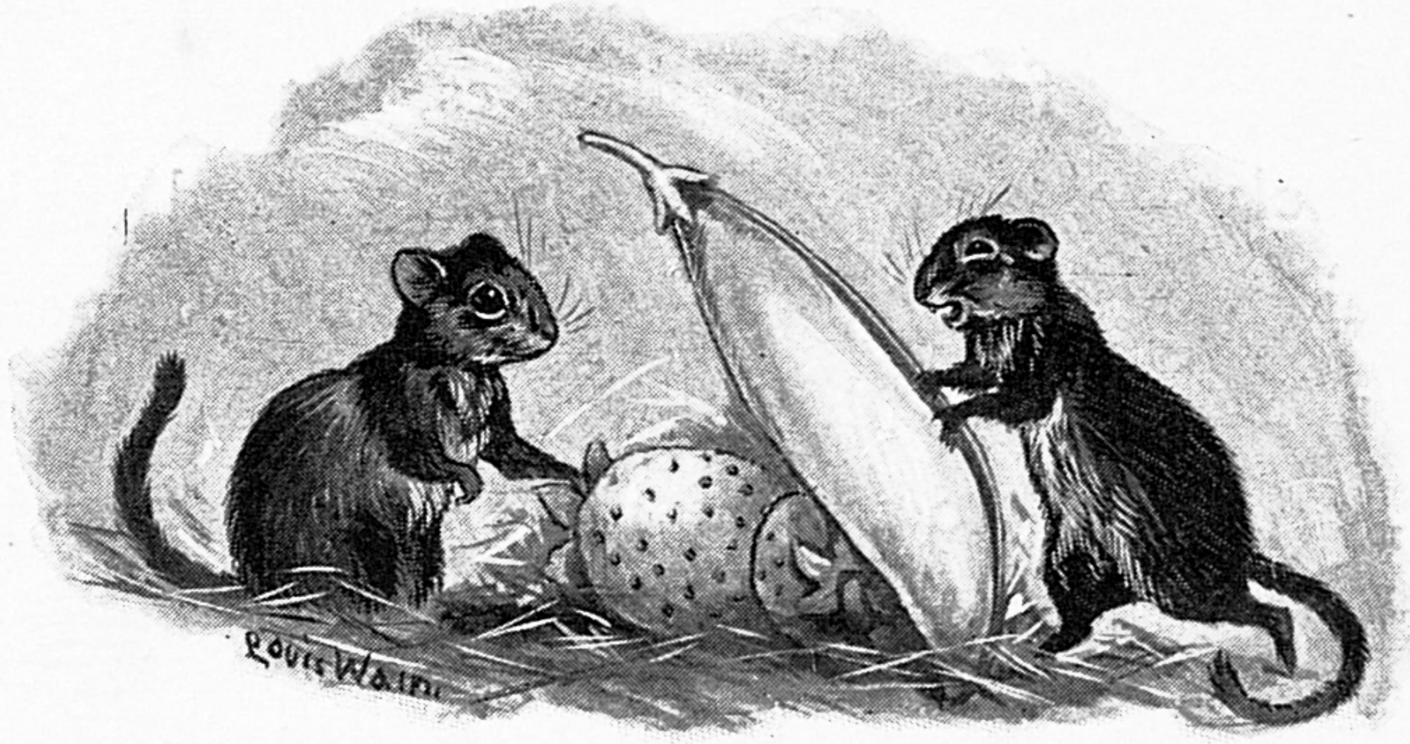
The older Pretty grew, the more varied became his diet; all sorts of grain he enjoyed, with green

peas and strawberries in the season. Animal food he relished keenly, from mutton-chop bones down to dead bumble-bees, beetles, and earwigs. If by any chance he spied on the window-ledge a daddy-long-legs, he made short work of it, gobbling up the body and leaving the legs. Perhaps in a state of nature these mice may do good service in waging war against this most destructive pest.

But the food he preferred to anything else was house-flies. In the autumn, when the latter became drowsy, and collected in horrible masses behind the shutters, Pretty was taken to the windows and set free. His face, at all other times so gentle, became then absolutely ferocious ; his eyes, instead of round balls, looked like mere slits ; his ears and whiskers were laid flat back against his head, and he ran swiftly from place to place, devouring and chuckling as he went, till, unable to eat any more, he retired to bed.

His death occurred from over-indulgence in cherry-stone kernels. Latterly he had again taken to sharpen his teeth on his cage door to such an extent that he literally bit through the perforated zinc in several places ; so the cherry-stones were given him to turn his energies into a more profitable channel. Unfortunately the supply was practically

unlimited; and for once, doubtless through long captivity, his natural instinct failed to guide him. He ate very largely of the kernels, was very drowsy for some hours, and next morning was found, quite quiet and cold, at rest, with his nose upon his paws, in the same position in which, from a tiny thing, he had been used to await his owner's coming.

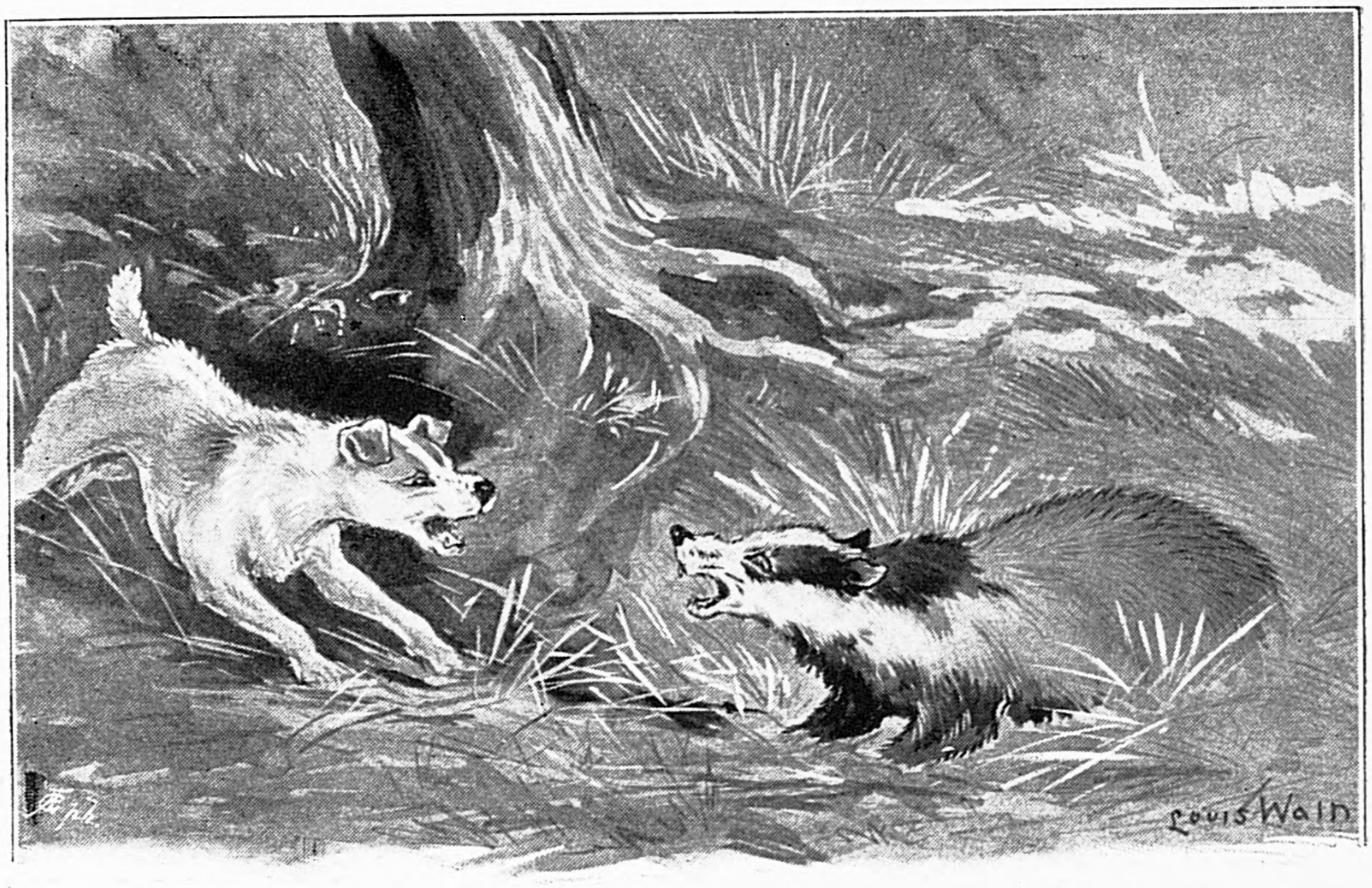


JIM

EVERY one said he would be the beauty of the family, and that his mission in life was to go from show to show, receiving prize after prize from the hands of the judges. Shape, size, markings, alike were perfect, one thing only he lacked, a black nose ; and Jim's, alas ! was of the most pronounced chocolate colour—a fatal disqualification ; so, compelled to relinquish all hope of a triumphant career on the show-bench, he came to us to follow the humbler, though perhaps no less happy, calling, of rat-catcher to the establishment.

When our acquaintance began, Jim was just eighteen months old, and had already greatly distinguished himself as regarded sport, having successfully interviewed both fox and badger in their earths, and demolished numberless rats.

He was not a house dog, his manners were not polished, and his usual entry into a room was, to use his mistress's expression, "like a young cannon-ball." Woe betide the rickety three-legged table or similar gimcrack that stood in Jim's path! In fact it is very doubtful whether the heaviest brass standard-lamp



SUCCESSFULLY INTERVIEWED BOTH FOX AND BADGER.

yet invented would have withstood one of his onslaughts.

After perpetrating a piece of mischief he would lie down, fold his paws, and look up in your face quite calmly, with an expression which clearly said, "Yes —now there'll be a nice row—please hurry up and

get it over ;" nor during our eight years' acquaintanceship did I ever but once see him look ashamed.

His eyes, the colour of which no one could ever exactly tell, were singularly expressive. Some days they would look quite yellow, bright, and clear, like cairngorms; and then, if excitement, in the shape of a rabbit or strange dog, crossed his path, they would darken and look almost blue. Put him thoroughly out of temper and you might see him going about with a sort of fox-like sneer on his lips and a green light in his eyes ; and yet again, yellow, blue, and green, seemed all to be present simultaneously in a sort of harmonious jumble.

His body was white, with a lemon-coloured spot on the right side, and another on the short, sturdy, bottle-brush of a tail. Both ears were lemon-coloured (chestnut really better describes the rich warm tint), and he wore a patch of the same over his right eye ; on the left side the patch stopped short just above the eyebrow.

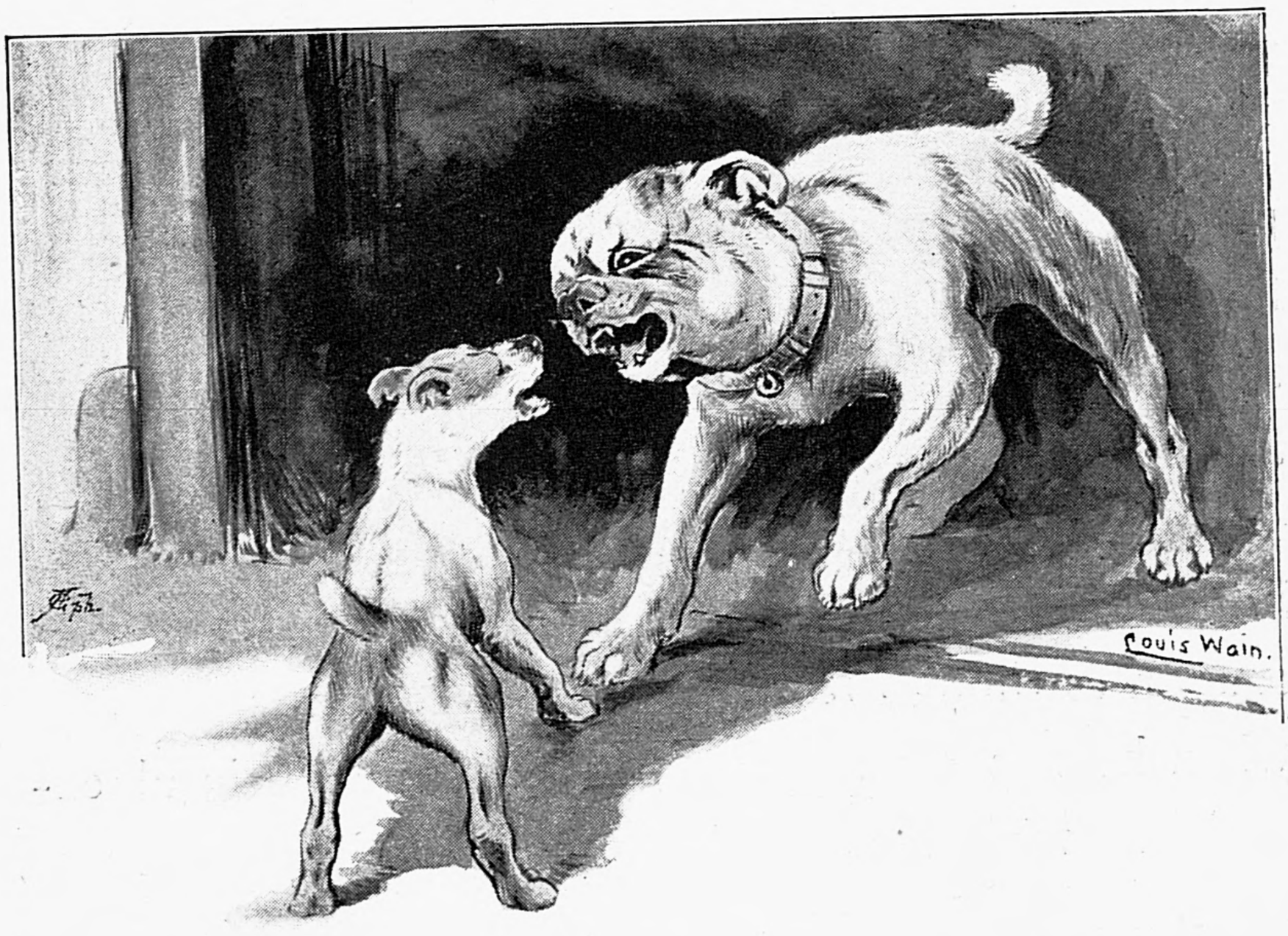
Add to all these personal attractions a set of strong keen teeth, which glistened like the best ivory, and four of the cleanest, soundest paws on which dog ever ran, and you have a very fair picture of the smooth-

haired fox-terrier, Chocolate Jim, to give him his full title.

Being so young a dog when he came to us, his education was still incomplete; but he had already imbibed one conviction to which he firmly held through life,—that children, especially boys, were detestable and to be avoided on every possible occasion. In common with his brothers and sisters, Jim had, at an early age, been put out "to walk" at a cottage, and had doubtless suffered many things from the "hands of strange children." It was rather piteous to see the plucky little fellow, who would unhesitatingly attack a fierce bull-dog double his own size shrink and cower when passing a group of small school-boys aged from six to ten. If we were walking he did not so much mind, as at our heels he was safe; but if he were following the dog-cart he would pause, take in the situation, and if possible make a détour through the hedge and the next field. Failing this means of escape, with ears laid back and tail tucked down, he fled before his enemies for all he was worth. In early days he was very ignorant as to the uses and inhabitants of bee-pots or "skeps," and always eager to investigate the latter, which stood on a bench in a narrow flower border,

sheltered by a sunny, mossy bank of the kitchen garden.

When admitted to the garden, Jim's orders were to remain strictly on the paths, and not presume to



THE PLUCKY LITTLE FELLOW, WHO WOULD UNHESITATINGLY ATTACK A FIERCE BULL-DOG DOUBLE HIS OWN SIZE.

tread upon the neatly-raked beds. But thirst for knowledge overcame obedience. James raised himself on his hind legs, placed his fore-paws on the bench, and snuffed inquiringly at the entrance to a skep. Out came a bee to "answer the door," and finding Jim's

nose upon the threshold, promptly perched upon it. With a howl of pain and fear, Jim tore down the garden, working fearful havoc among a row of most promising young potatoes; nor to the last day of his life could he ever be induced, except by sheer force, to come within a radius of several yards of a bee-pot.

Another thing of which he stood in exceeding awe was the harmless, necessary stable-bucket. The reason for this terror I could never discover, though I studied the matter for at least six years. However great his thirst might be, at home or abroad, Jim would not go near water if contained in a bucket, unless he believed himself to be alone, and then only with great precaution as though it might bite. We concluded that when he was a puppy he had had some painful experience with the utensil; perhaps he had fallen or been dropped into one, or had felt the weight of it on paw or tail.

Endowed with much natural ability, he turned it to account in appropriating to his sole use every hen's egg about the place, on which he could lay a paw. The hens, silver-pencilled Hamburgs, and great wanderers, persisted in laying their eggs in the garden, in the thorn hedge, under the cow's manger,

in any out-of-the-way place, in fact; but, for choice, under the hay-stack, among the faggots forming its foundation. We clumsy mortals were at infinite pains to extract the eggs from these dark recesses by means of a small rake, the operator meantime being extended flat on the ground. Jim would stand by, wearing his most placid, self-satisfied air, and when the eggs were brought to light would not vouchsafe them so much as a glance. This would take place in the evening; but at noon on the morrow, when the men were away at dinner, Jim might be seen to emerge from under the stack, walk delicately into the adjoining orchard, lie down among the high grass, and devour something. The charitably disposed suggested bones, rats, mice; those who were cynically inclined said, eggs. So it was one day put to the proof. Jim's lips were streaked with gold. A painful though animated scene followed. Moral: always wipe your mouth after eating, especially after eggs!

We tried many ways of breaking him of the trick, but without permanent success. The hens continued to stray, and he found all the nests; and in the winter, when eggs were scarce, it became a serious inconvenience.

On one occasion I placed for him in his bed an

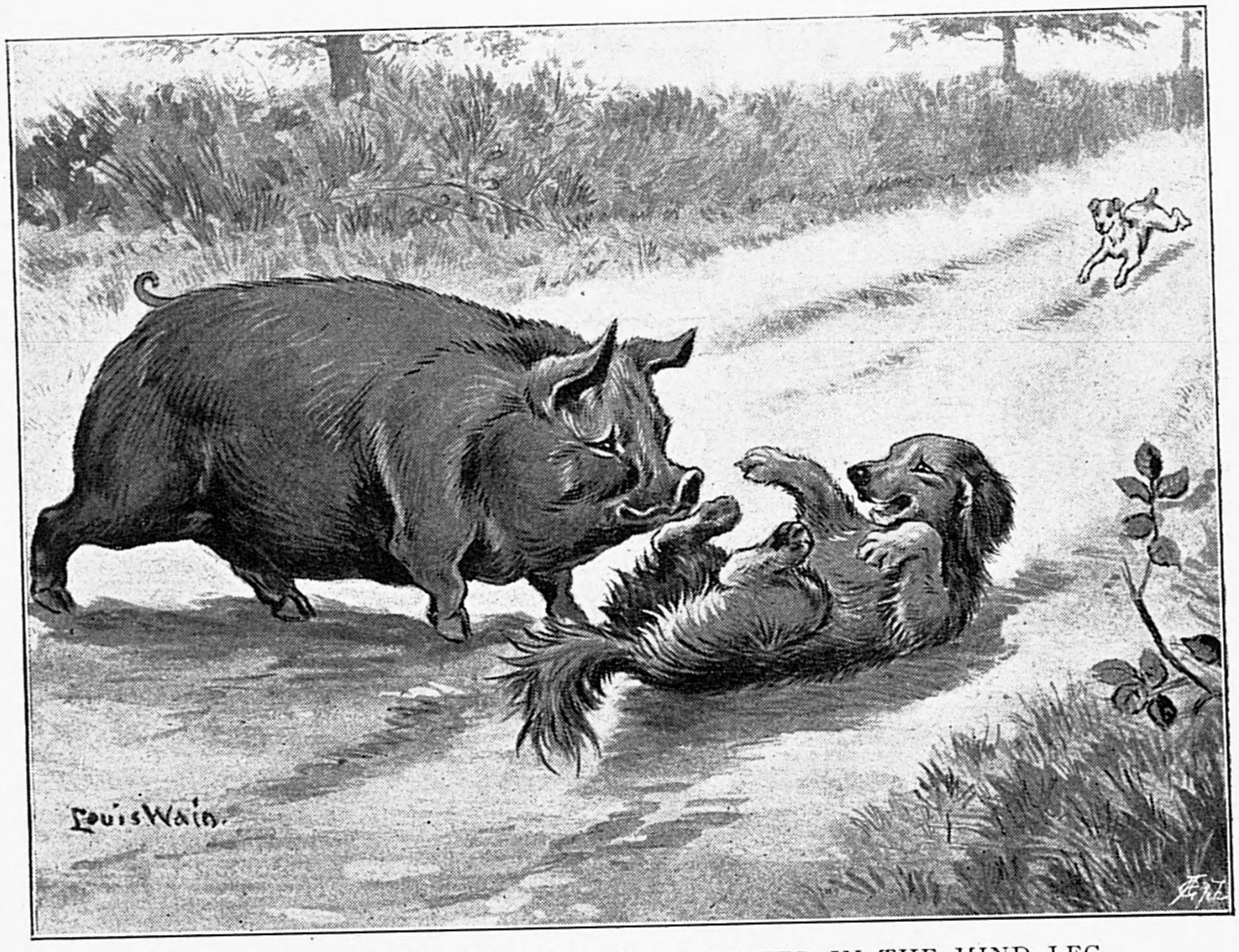
ancient egg of the "highest" quality, and, having hidden myself, had the opportunity of observing his expression "before and after." It merited a snap-shot. Another time we treated him to a savoury egg filled with pepper and mustard: he reformed for a while, but soon relapsed.

He had an intense dislike to toads, and in spite of repeated thrashings, delighted to bite off the poor creatures' heads and leave their mangled bodies on the lawn, though the operation seemed to be attended by much personal inconvenience to himself, as he always foamed tremendously at the mouth after it.

One of his greatest chums was Brisk, a very handsome, curly-coated, cream-coloured retriever, who, even at the outset of their acquaintance, was beginning to show signs of age. Jim and his friend always went out together; and one day an enormous old black pig, wandering at large in the lanes, attacked poor Brisk, knocked him down, and knocked most of the breath out of his body. No sooner did Jimmy see this than he charged the enemy, and bit her in the hind leg till she ran off squealing. On another occasion he did battle, singly and successfully, on behalf of a retriever puppy who accompanied him on his walks, and who had been most causelessly

set on by a half-bred and very quarrelsome bull-dog.

There were very few creatures which Jimmy, in his prime, would not face. At the first rat-hunt he attended in an official capacity after coming to us,



JIMMY CHARGED THE ENEMY, AND BIT HER IN THE HIND LEG.

he "went for" and nearly slew, an unfortunate ferret. As the luckless animal happened to be an unusually handsome and valuable one, as well as a loan, Jim soon found he had committed rather a serious blunder.

What could have been the feeling which prompted the dog to advance as he often did, with a sanctimonious air, into the middle of the high road when a cart was approaching, and deliberately sit down and wait for it to come up to him, never springing aside till the horse's hoofs were almost on him? We put it down at last to sheer love of mischief; it really seemed as though the dog enjoyed seeing great animals and vehicles move out of the way of a little shrimp like himself.

In vain we remonstrated, rebuked, and even resorted to drastic remedies, fully realising the danger and vexation caused to horse and driver, as well as the risk run by the perpetrator of this foolish trick.

Dogs certainly copy each other, and Jim taught this pastime to his two companions.

Never shall I forget the shame and horror of the moment when, after having turned my back on the dogs to speak to a friend, I looked round to find Jim, the retriever puppy, and a clever little rough-haired terrier known as Bogles, seated in the very middle of the road, one behind the other, and about four feet apart, looking as demure as choir-boys when the master's eye is on them, while a drag, drawn by a team of high-spirited young horses, was rapidly ap-

proaching, in fact, was almost on the dogs. In the very nick of time, thanks no less to the kindliness and courtesy than to the skill of the driver, the horses were pulled up, and all concerned saved from what might have been a nasty smash; while with some difficulty I dragged Jim, to his intense disgust, into the ditch.

This occurred in the days of the muzzling order, and undoubtedly that order produced in Jim a continued fit of the sulks. He simply loathed the muzzle, which, though inconvenient, was certainly not uncomfortable.

The ingenuity he displayed in getting rid of it was remarkable. There was a certain old nail which projected from a fence which we passed daily; against this nail Jim always rubbed his muzzle, and not infrequently succeeded in dragging off the latter, and leaving it suspended.

He had rather a pretty trick of untying, by biting asunder at the word of command, the bands of the hay and straw trusses; but when displeased with his friend and great ally the groom, he more than once meanly revenged himself by biting to pieces the latter's braces, which he had discovered lying about, to the exceeding inconvenience of their owner. And almost every quarter the saddler's bill contained such an item

HE HAD RATHER A PRETTY TRICK OF UNTYING, BY BITING ASUNDER, THE BANDS OF THE HAY AND STRAW TRUSSES.

as "to repairing pillar-reins" so much, Jim, in a fit of pique, having gnawed them asunder.

We lived near a very large common, on which Jimmy delighted to wander, which partiality he once nearly paid for with his life. He was stolen, taken off some six miles, and put down a badger's earth, his pluck being well known. As he was very handsome, besides being a great favourite with us all, a reward was offered for him; but days dragged on, and we heard no more of our pet. At last one evening, when we had given up all hope of ever seeing him again, a man came to the back door carrying a large basket with a lid, which he raised, and then enquired whether the dark lump within were the dog for which the reward was out. It was; but oh, how changed! grimed and blackened with peat earth from head to foot; so thin that the bones almost pierced his skin; and so weak that his head when we raised it fell down again—such was James when restored to his disconsolate family.

His kind friend, the groom, made him up a bed by the fire and fed him with beef-tea every half-hour all through the night; next morning he could stand, and after several weeks recovered completely, and became stronger and handsomer than ever before.

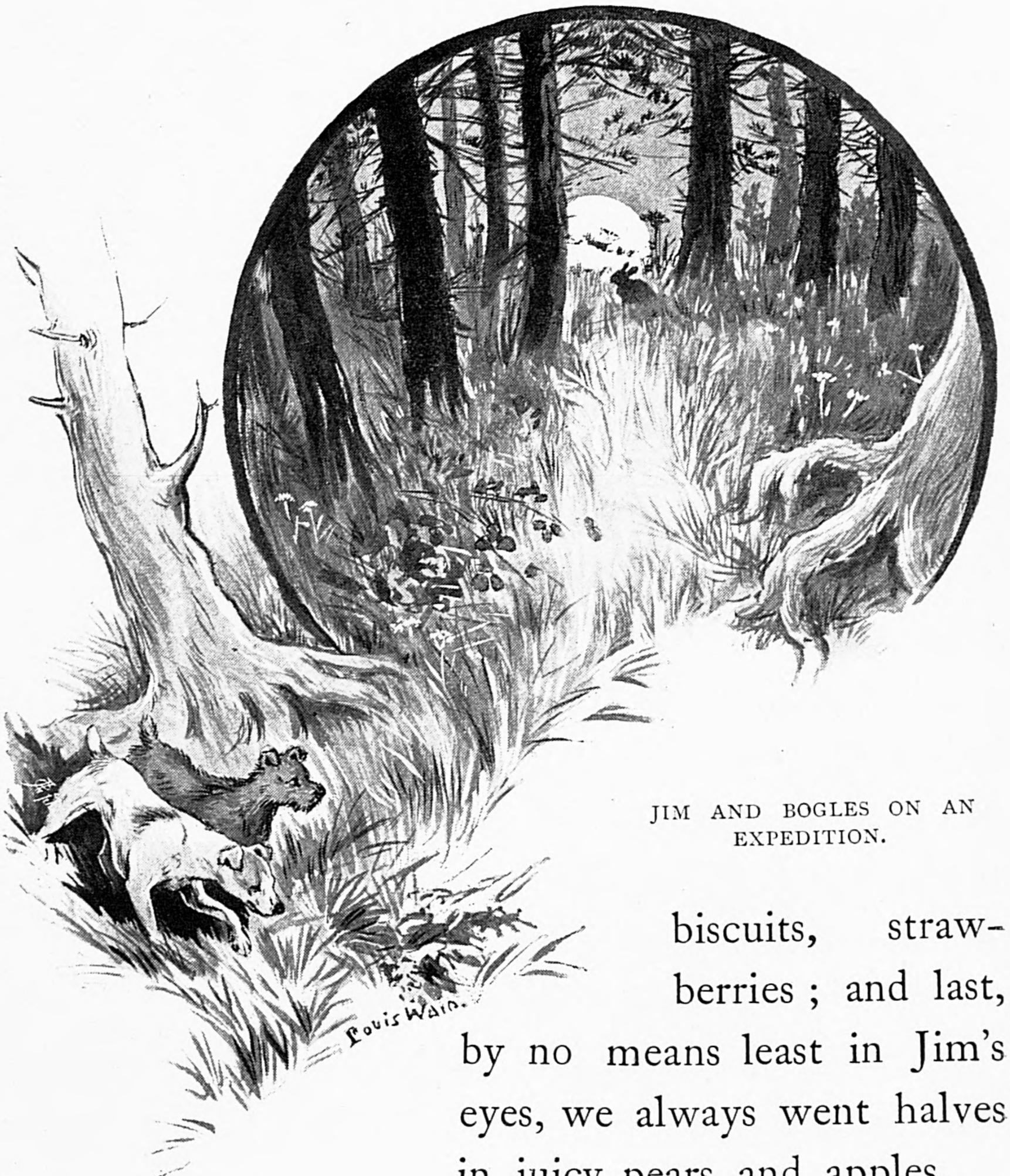
He had stuck in some hole, remained there till thin enough to crawl out, and had just avoided absolute starvation by gnawing furze-roots. The man who found him had seen him crawling feebly under some gorse bushes, and, thinking it might be the lost dog, at once brought him over to our house on the chance, and took back the reward and thanks of the family.

Though his spirits were somewhat damped by this adventure, Jim still dearly loved an occasional expedition on his own account, especially if the disreputable, jolly little Bogles would accompany him.

Their idea of fun was to spend a night with the rabbits in the woods, after which they would be found, at 6 a.m., meekly seated on the door-mat, awaiting the appearance of the housemaid. Then Jimmy would just see his chum safely into the house and depart to the stables, climb into his own manger, assume his habitual virtuous air, and try to look as though he weren't unchained, and hadn't had a night out. No one could have had a more faithful, devoted companion than he was, though far too dignified ever to make any great demonstration; besides, we understood each other too well for that.

On an outing we always went shares, whether of

a refreshing bit of shade in summer, or of shelter from the storms in winter, or in such trifles as raisins,



JIM AND BOGLES ON AN EXPEDITION.

biscuits, strawberries; and last, by no means least in Jim's eyes, we always went halves in juicy pears and apples.

It never made any difference to him whether you went for a long tramp of many miles, or could only

potter round the garden,—he was always eager to be with you. The only occasions on which he ever made the least display of his affection was when he imagined you to be in any trouble. Then, after lying at your feet, looking most beseechingly at you with his large clear eyes, which seemed to say—"I would so gladly help you if I only could," he would crawl up into your lap, and lick your face, sigh piteously, and then, if allowed, lie down with his nose in your hand or on your foot.

We had been constant companions for eight long years, then we had to part. Various circumstances made residence in London a necessity, and the great city is not a happy place for dogs, at any rate not for one already growing old, and so addicted to entering every shop, as Jim was. To get him through our little market-town was next to impossible; what else could he expect but to be lost, when, instead of following his master, he was seeking in each shop what he might devour?

So, with pain and grief, arrangements for his board and lodging were made in the village, and one afternoon we took him and his belongings down to his new home. Of course it poured on the way, and Jim sat like an injured victim under the drip of our

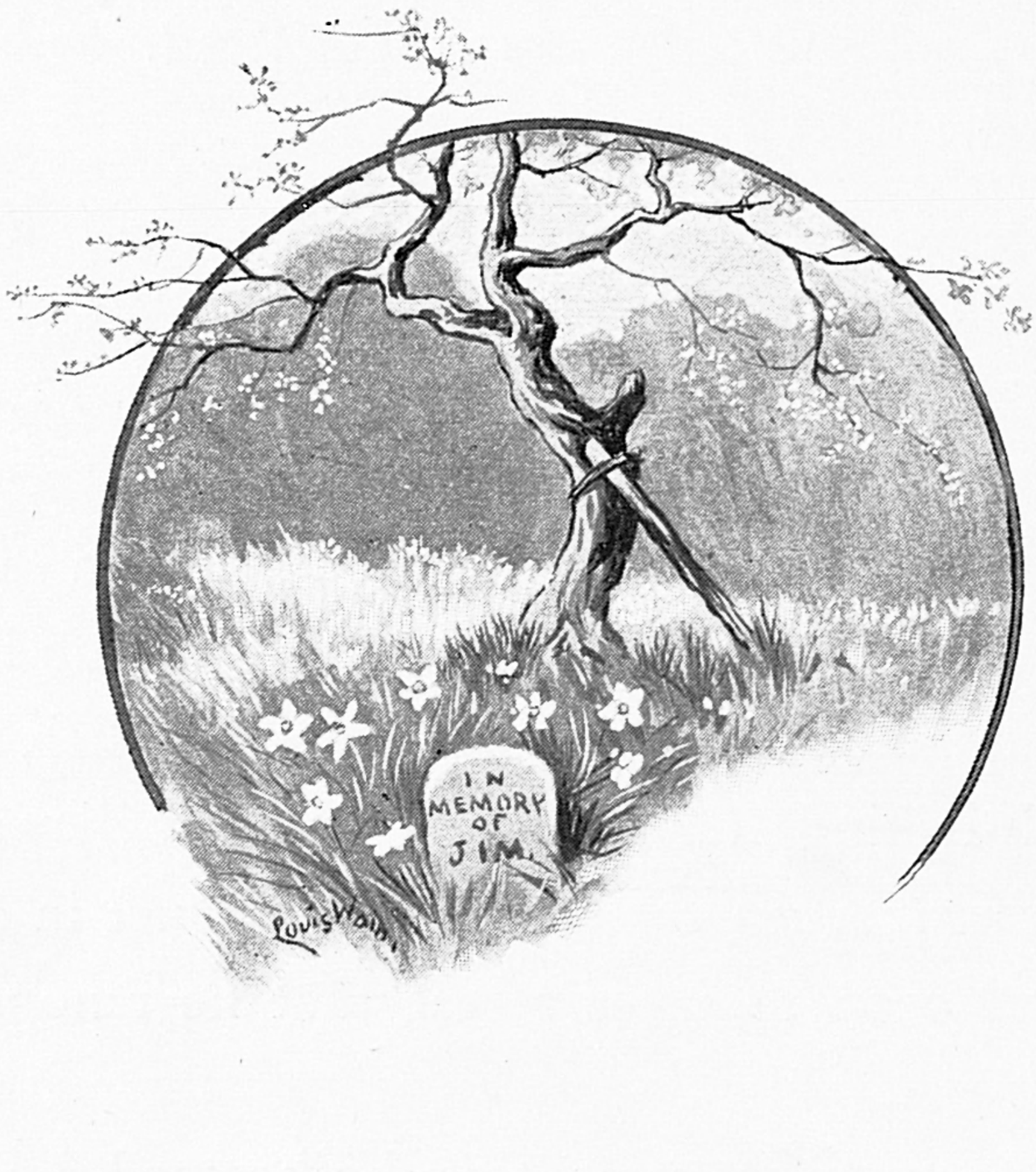
umbrellas as we tried to shelter; he seemed to feel something was wrong. When we had formally handed him over to the kind old lady who was to take care of him, and turned to say good-bye, Jim looked us full in the face, with an expression of reproach which I shall never forget, stood still for half a minute, rigid all over, then slowly turned his back on us, and walked away to his new master and mistress, not one look, or wag of the tail did he vouchsafe us; he hung his head, and looked wretched.

Five years later we met again. He had been well cared for, and greatly petted, and was sleek, and, alas! very fat—indeed, besides being rather deaf. He looked at me gravely, gave no sign of recognition, not even a wink; but turning to the friend who was with me, and with whom in former days he had been well acquainted, made a great fuss over her, jumping up and licking her hand. I firmly believe he did remember me, but considered my conduct in deserting him had been so utterly base that he renounced me for ever.

Some months after this he seemed poorly, and refused his food for a day or two. Towards evening he retired to bed in his box, as usual, and when his

kind friends came to look at him before supper, they found him quite dead,—independent to the end.

So they lamented, and buried him under the green grass and Lent lilies, in the shade of the old pear-tree.



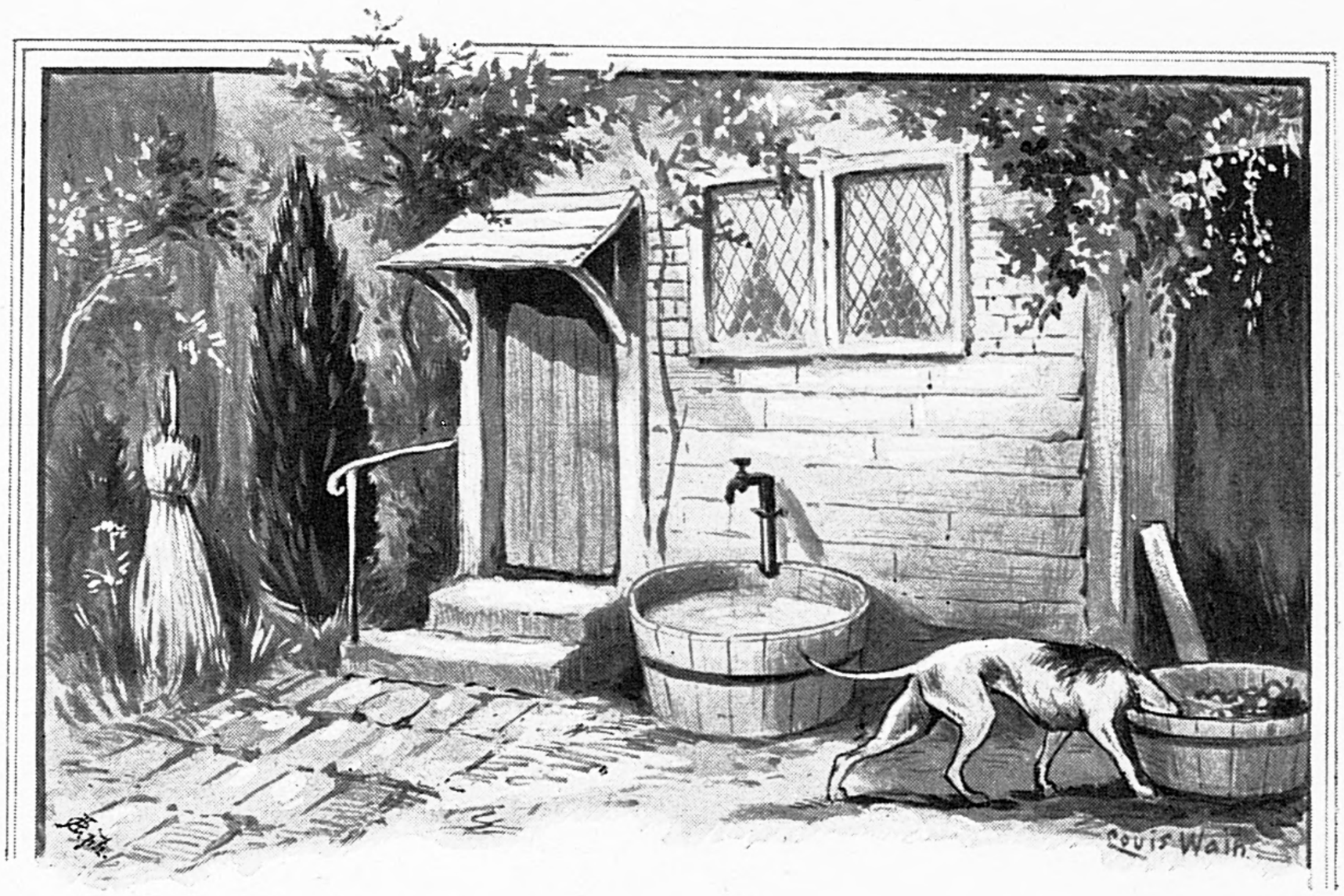
A GREAT GLUTTON

If a prize were offered for a dog possessing the largest appetite on record, Don, the old pointer, would have won it easily. It would be less difficult to say what he didn't rather than what he did eat.

He was commonly reported and believed to have once devoured about two feet of rope which had been lying about by some old salt fish and had acquired a fine flavour thereby. He didn't belong to us, but to a great friend who lived some miles off, with whom he often came over to us, and who said that he believed the dog knew every back door for ten miles round. He was considered a very handsome specimen of the old English pointer, and a more gentle, affectionate old fellow never breathed, his temper

could not be ruffled ; but he was an inveterate thief, and a bit of a coward.

It was enough for our cook to hear that Don was in the yard ; forthwith she flew to close the door



DON TOOK PITY ON THE NEGLECTED VIANDS.

of kitchen, dairy, and scullery. One day, before she knew his tricks, Don wandered into the scullery, and after eating up the dinner which was waiting for two dogs and four cats, calmly proceeded to empty the small bucket of wash which had been put aside for

the pigs. Another day, prowling round the yard, he perceived a dish of food standing by a kennel; the owner being absent, Don took pity on the neglected viands; and having disposed of them, was giving his lips one final lick, when to his dismay, Brisk, the rightful owner, appeared upon the scene.

Don, big fellow though he was, yelled, (Brisk's teeth were lovely, certainly,) and in his terror bolted straight into the kennel. Having got there, he turned round, and wondered how on earth he was going to get out; and there he sat, a trembling, tooth-chattering wretch, with literally the tears in his eyes, and in his voice, too—a warning against gluttony and theft —while Brisk, crouching like an old lion, a yard or two from the doorway, serenely waited to give the intruder a piece of his mind when the former should see fit to come forth.

At length we had to drag Brisk off, and shut him up; but Don was too thoroughly cowed to budge, so in desperation we turned the kennel upside down, and shot him gently out.

With a howl he fled through the yard and down the road, and was seen no more on our premises for many weeks.

Another time, though amply fed at home, he took up his residence with us for ten days, and neither force nor persuasion could tear him away. He would watch his master come into the yard, and ride away again, go with him for a mile or two, and then come back to us.

We understood the reason when we learnt that a dead horse had been recently buried within a quarter of a mile of the place. At his own home, Don slept in a barrel partly filled with straw. A hen took a fancy to this abode, as a convenient nest wherein to lay her eggs; so, daily, when she arrived, Don, if within, arose, walked out, and lay down on the ground. When she departed he returned, and devoured the egg, shell and all. His voice was almost as remarkable as his appetite. Many dogs give utterance to loud and most prolonged howls, but Don really sounded as though he were practising scales when he howled ; you could clearly distinguish tones and semitones in his voice. This peculiarity he retained to the last. He lived to a good old age, and was promoted from the barrel to a nice roomy shed, with a raised bench at one end for his bed, and iron railings in front.

The last time we ever saw him he was sitting bolt upright on this bench, howling in the most dismal manner, because, having finished his own supper, he was feeling greatly depressed at witnessing, without being able to assist at, the evening meal of the stable cat.

DICK

We had long wished to possess a bullfinch, a really tame, friendly pet,—not one of your highly educated, piping birds, delightful though the tune of the latter may be to listen to now and then. What we wanted was a bird who would sing his own song in his own way, as he learnt it from Nature, without any assistance from art ; and who would become perfectly at home with us, and fit into the family life.

With this end in view, we spoke, early in the spring, to a gardener cunning in the ways of rearing

young birds from the nest, with the result that one day, late in the summer, a cage containing four fine young bullfinches arrived at home.

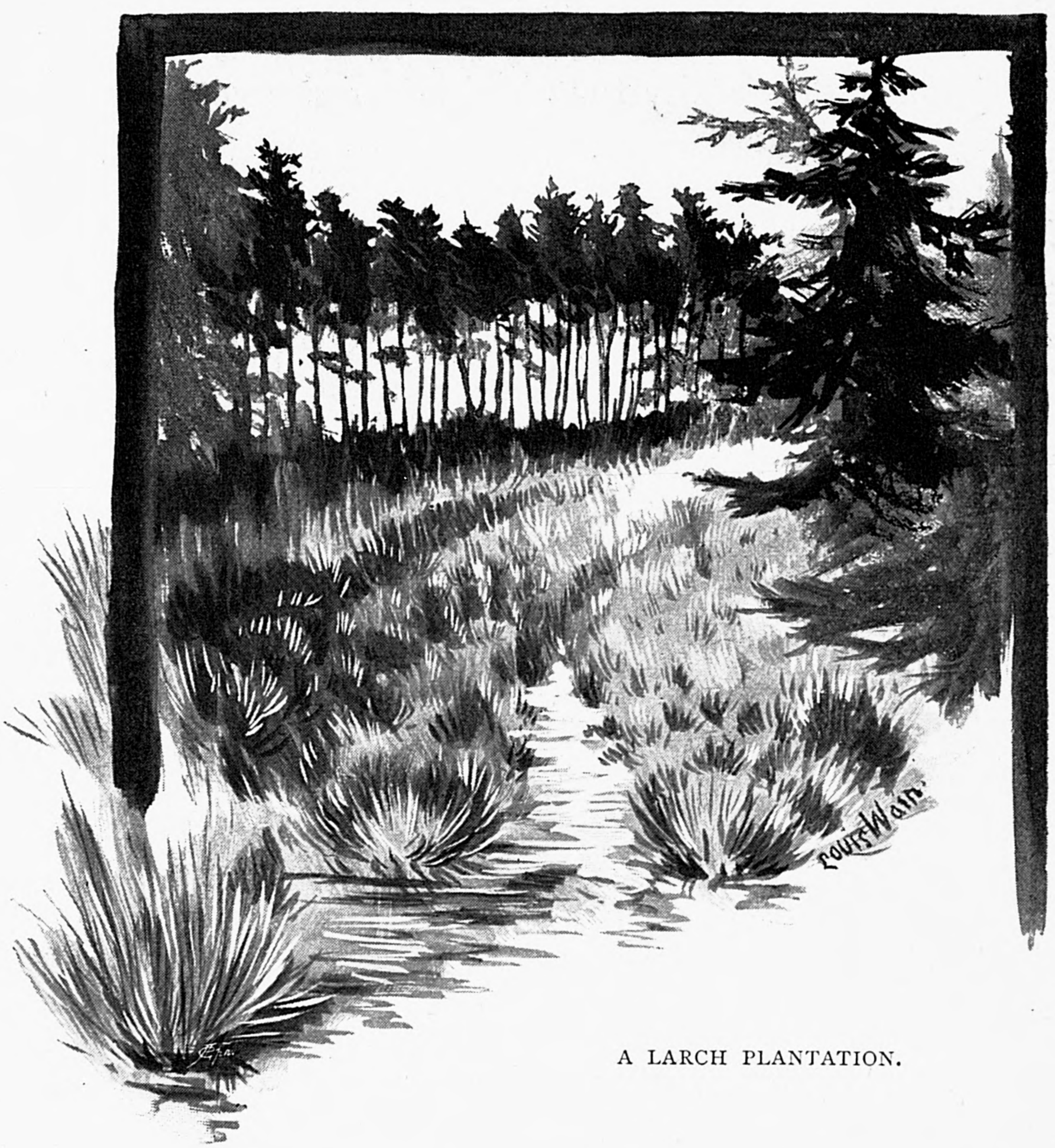
It may be remarked here that, owing to their destructive propensity for nipping off the young buds and shoots of apple, fir, and other trees, bullfinches are not protected, like many wild birds, by Act of Parliament. Consequently, we felt no qualms of conscience on beholding this quartet, though filled with dismay at the vision of extra cages to clean which it called up.

It is all very well to undertake to feed one mouth, or bill, rather; but it is no joke to find you are expected to provide for four! However, a friend took a great fancy to the birds, and begged for a pair, though unable at the time to see to them.

In a weak moment I promised to look after them for "a little while," a delightfully vague, elastic period of time, and one which, in this instance, extended over the space of six months.

The young birds had not yet moulted, but were still in baby costume, a sort of dull, brownish-ash colour, all over, except for dark markings on the wings, and black caps; but two had a faint tinge, just a suggestion of pink, on the breast, so we

concluded they were cocks, and accordingly put the birds, by pairs, into two cages.



A LARCH PLANTATION.

Dr. Watts declared that "birds in their little nests agree," I am humbly of opinion that he never had the care of young birds, for neither in nor out of

their nest do they ever dwell together in brotherly love, except they be asleep. Their whole existence seems to be one continual struggle to secure the biggest bit, and the most comfortable place, and language during these family disputes waxes violent and unseemly.

It is a curious fact that the hen bullfinch's temper is frequently vile. Take this nestful of birds for example. The hens quarrelled desperately all the autumn and winter through, and no amount of changing cages and companions had the least effect on them. Their brothers, on the contrary, evinced the most saintly disposition; in fact, they carried their meekness and forbearance so far, that they ran some risk of being starved by their tyrants, who would establish themselves by the feeding-boxes, and then drive away their gentler brethren each time the latter attempted to feed.

Things became so bad at last, and Dick and his brother looked so thin and miserable, that we put the two termagants into a cage by themselves (where they had a very lively time, fighting fiercely), and, as soon as the spring weather came, let them loose in a larch plantation.

Freed from persecution, Dick's character developed rapidly, and from having been a shy, uninteresting

bird, he became decidedly bold and familiar, and very intelligent. He had also passed successfully through his first autumn's moult, and now appeared in a bright pink vest, bluish-grey coat, with black tail, black cap, and a black patch under his chin, all kept scrupulously neat and clean.

Early rising is a great virtue, but Dick carried it to such a pitch that it degenerated into a vice; at any rate it made me very vicious to be woke daily at 2.30 or 3 a.m., by his shrill, incessant whistle; nor, unless his cage were wrapped in thick flannel (which was out of the question in summer) was there any means of stopping the annoyance, save by getting up and opening his cage door. Then he would change his irritating call for a satisfied and subdued gurgling warble, and play about in the room till a reasonable hour for getting up arrived.

He had been well trained as a young bird to take his bath whilst his cage was being cleaned. Most birds delight in washing directly their house has been tidied for the day, and who that has kept them, and taken a pride in their appearance, has not felt disgusted at the sodden, bedraggled spectacle usually presented by the cage within ten minutes at most, after being swept and garnished?

No—Dick was a bird of a well-regulated mind,

on this subject, at any rate; each morning at eight was his bath blanket—(a sheet of thick brown paper) —spread on the floor, and a large oval earthenware dish, about two inches deep, full of water, set thereon; and in and around this for a quarter of an hour he disported himself gaily. After this, all damp and dripping, he sat out to dry on the towel-horse, or looking-glass, and watched me dress.

He took a fancy to the look of the large saucer bath, and having spent several mornings in reconnoitring its depth from the edge, one day plunged boldly in. After this, he always bathed in it when I had finished, and after a preliminary dip in his own tub; and very absurd he looked, splashing and fluttering in the middle of that large bath.

As regarded individuals, Dick had pronounced likes and dislikes. To some of us he was very partial, recognising our footstep even, and calling to us long before he could see us. Others, again, he never could endure the sight of, beating wildly about the cage like a mad thing whenever they approached; it may have been that he disliked the look, or the rustling, of their clothes. Animals are keenly alive to any change of dress in those who come in daily contact with them; see how critically a favourite cat or dog will investigate a new suit; and Dick was

always a trifle stand-offish, if I came before him in new clothes, until he had taken them in, as it were, and got used to them.

The dog he regarded with a good deal of suspicion, not unmixed with jealousy, generally from an elevated, commanding position on the top of the book-case. With the dormice his relations were slightly strained, they having nipped his toes when he one day perched on the roof of their cage.

So far Dick's life had been rather solitary, principally spent up stairs in my room; but about two years after he came to us, we moved to London, and there he shared our sitting-room and meals.

The first morning after our arrival he commenced his melancholy whistle with much vigour, at breakfast, to relieve his outraged feelings at not having been cleaned; to soothe them, as well as our own, he was let out, and from that day forward came as regularly to breakfast as the tea-pot.

The first discovery he made after this promotion, was that butter formed a most desirable adjunct to his diet. As I had been told that butter was bad for birds, and tended to make them lose their feathers, my breakfast became one long skirmish with Dick, in defence of the butter-dish. Very soon he found out that if I would not let him take what he wanted,

he had another friend who would; so he used to remain, still as a stone, on the table, or chair-back, till I turned away to get the kettle, then down he flew to the pat, crammed his beak till the butter oozed out on either side, when, with an impudent whisk of the tail, he retired to choke down his spoil on the chimney piece, invariably winding up by carefully wiping his well-buttered bill on the little morocco clock case which stood there. It wasn't my clock, so I felt avenged! Bacon Master Dick tried, and did not care for; jam and marmalade met with approval; the loaf received a good deal of attention, so, too, did the milk-jug.

It may be remarked that Dick was admitted to table in the first place on condition that he did not pick the dishes. For the sake of peace we bore with his perching on the tea-cup, and drinking therefrom, but when he presumed so far as to attempt to wash in it, we felt such familiarity must be checked, and Dick retired, discomfited, but only for a moment, after which he resumed his ablutions in the slop-basin.

He received a little extra petting and indulgence at this time, on the plea of weak health, for he had moulted very badly, and for a long time went about

in a tailless coat, besides rather disliking his new quarters at first.

London is apt to be the least bit dreary on foggy mornings in November, specially if one's previous acquaintance with it has been formed only in summer days—and how much we owed to Dick for enlivening and cheering us in that dark sad time we never knew till he had left us.

When the Christmas holidays came, Dick and we flew from the fog and mist of town, to the south of England, to a place where not infrequently the entire winter passes without the snow having lain on the ground for a whole day, and where the frosts are very slight. A beautiful, warm sunny coast it is, mrytles flourish in the open air all the year round, and the old-fashioned graceful fuchsias grow into hedges. But on this occasion the weather chose to be exceptional. Frequent and heavy snowstorms, and twenty degrees of frost each night ushered in the new year, and Dick didn't like it at all, though living in warm rooms. He had never known such weather before in his short life.

Whether it was owing to the cold, or to fright caused by seeing some jackdaws, pets of a neighbour, just outside the window, we never knew, but one

morning poor Dick had a fit, and though he recovered from it, seemed weak and ill all day. That afternoon on returning from a walk, I went to see him, and he began to whistle; suddenly he fell off his perch on to the floor of the cage, and in another minute, without a struggle, was lying dead in my hand.

There were some lovely Christmas roses in the garden, and we buried him at the foot of a large clump, but we left the empty cage behind when we returned to London, for we could not bear to look at it.

POP

THERE were three of them, Snap, Lucky, and Pop, as fat, sleek, jolly little black and tan terrier puppies as you could wish to see. Snap was decidedly the most elegant and aristocratic member of the family, as he was also the smallest, but he was rather a timid dog; though with such a splendid set of teeth as he possessed, he looked more than able to take care of himself and to justify his name. He went to London later on, and we lost sight of him; whilst as to Lucky, placid, good-natured, happy-go-lucky creature that he was, his contented mind provided him with such a continual feast, as, aided by an excellent digestion, soon proved the ruin of his

beauty, and having become, so far as make and shape were concerned, a disgrace to his family, he was given away, and not often referred to.

Pop, as the medium-sized one, was from an early age destined to be a house-dog, and, as soon as he was old enough, he left his native place—the coachman's cottage—and came to live with us in the house, under the immediate eye and supervision of his father, Frisk. Not that the latter circumstance added in any way to Pop's happiness ; quite the reverse, for the senior was violently jealous of his son, and snubbed him on all possible occasions, for the space of two whole years at least.

At the time of which I am writing Pop was about nine months old, slim and well-proportioned, though always a trifle large. He had beautiful tan paws, delicately pencilled with black, but a steady course of digging in rabbit holes soon spoiled their beauty. His head was considered very well shaped. He had large intelligent dark eyes, a rich tan muzzle, and a black coat of satin-like gloss except just in the middle of the back, where its sheen was marred by a tiny bare patch caused by the descent of a hot cinder on to it, when Pop, still a puppy, but already afflicted by the gnawings of a perpetual hunger, was endeavouring to crawl

under the kitchen grate in search of some tempting morsel.

This huge appetite was a positive misfortune to the dog ; for he found a friend, or rather many friends, who were only too willing to feed him at all times of the day—a practice destructive alike of his health and good looks, for it brought on fits, besides causing his figure to approach more nearly to that of a prize pig than to that of an active, well-conditioned dog.

But this failing was about the only one he had, and is mentioned rather as a protest against the real cruelty of overfeeding pet dogs than with any desire to detract from a character which, in all other respects, was most admirable. It is rather curious to note the keen recognition of ownership displayed by dogs. A good dog, one worthy of the name, will always look to and obey the master, whom he loves, before those on whom his mere comfort depends ; though perhaps the former takes but a small direct share in giving him two of the chief pleasures of canine existence—food and walks, although he will be very grateful to, and friendly with, the others.

A time-serving dog is rare, and I have not yet met one who attempted to serve two masters at the same time, however advantageous the process might be.

No, to the one whom he owns as lord and master, a good dog is loyal to the uttermost, through bright and dark days alike ; and there is something worth having in the affection of even a dog.

Pop was devotedly attached to his mistress, and remained so to the end of his thirteen years, in spite of long and frequent separations from her ; though as time went on, and he found that though she came to see him, she seldom stayed more than a few weeks in the old home ; I think he became rather depressed, and took refuge in his basket and slumber more frequently than was good for him. For the first eight or nine years of his life, however, they were nearly always together, indoors and out. Until he had attained the age of two, people said Pop was a stupid sort of dog with no intellect, and his behaviour did give some cause for the observation.

In the first place, Frisk entertained strong views on parental authority, and agreed with Solomon as to the management of children, enforcing his theories on the subject with original and biting remarks. Secondly, Pop's crude and youthful intellect suffered by immediate and constant comparison with that of his father, which was matured, and, to do that venerable party justice, decidedly brilliant.

It's no joke to be the child of a shining light; people first of all expect the son to eclipse his father, and when he doesn't they turn round and declare he will never be able to hold a candle to him.

At any rate, poor Pop found it so to his cost for many weary months, till at last he distinguished himself by catching mice—Frisk was a famous mouser—and when the corn was threshed at the farm the house-dogs always attended and did great execution upon the rats and mice, with which, unfortunately, the stacks generally abounded.

On this particular occasion the supply was even greater than usual, and Frisk set to work in his customary business-like way and killed about two dozen, Pop standing quietly by and doing nothing except watching. Suddenly he joined in, without any fuss, caught the mice and shook them as though he had done it all his life, and from thenceforward was a first-rate mouser, though as far as we knew he had never previously killed one. We always considered that he had been taking a regular lesson.

After this he, in company with his father, attacked bigger game in the shape of a large stoat, which inhabited a rhododendron clump on the lawn, and

carried on a murderous warfare against some very handsome game-fowls we then possessed. When tackled he fought desperately, but in the end the two little dogs defeated and slew him, and bore for

ATTACKED BIGGER GAME IN THE SHAPE OF A LARGE STOAT.

some time reminders of the conflict in the shape of honourable scars.

These sporting instincts led Pop to devote a good deal of his time to rabbiting both above and under ground; perhaps the large amount of digging he indulged in when exploring the burrows tended more than anything else to the development of his

muscles and the broadening of his chest, for which latter quality he, with advancing years, became conspicuous.

Digging up the nest of field-mice was a pet pastime of his and one he often enjoyed, as there was a large grass field, in which these little creatures

POP HAD THE BAD LUCK TO COMMENCE OPERATIONS ON WHAT HE FONDLY BELIEVED TO BE A MOUSE-HOLE.

were very plentiful, close to the house. On one of these occasions Pop had the bad luck to commence operations on what he fondly believed to be a mouse-hole, but which speedily proved to be the entrance to a wasp's nest, and a fine healthy one too. Out came the inhabitants by dozens, to the horror of quadrupeds and

bipeds, who fled, as hard as legs could carry them, before the striped and buzzing enemy. The latter, after all, succeeded in planting only one sting; but that was in a carefully-selected spot, even in the very midst of poor Pop's fat back, on the site of the

THE STRIPED AND BUZZING ENEMY, AFTER ALL, SUCCEEDED IN PLANTING ONLY ONE STING.

ancient burn, "where the wool ought to have grown," but hadn't.

Another time he had a very painful and dangerous encounter with a viper, which bit him on the back of the neck. Vipers are numerous in that part of the country, and Pop, out by himself in the meadow, must have disturbed one.

He came into the house, all swollen about the head and neck, looking very queer and ill, every now and then rubbing at his head with his paws. At first we thought he had been stung by nettles, never having seen an animal suffering from a snake-bite

HE CAME INTO THE HOUSE, ALL SWOLLEN ABOUT THE HEAD AND NECK, LOOKING VERY QUEER AND ILL.

before; but as he grew rapidly worse, and his body began to swell, the coachman was summoned, an old soldier who had seen service in India and the Crimea. He at once pronounced the dog to have been bitten by a viper, and carried him off to the stables to be doctored. This happened many years ago, before the

scientific treatment of snake-bites, which is now doing such splendid work in India and elsewhere, was known. Pop, therefore, was dosed with oil, pure and simple, being given I'm afraid to say how much castor oil as a drink, and placed in a bath of olive oil. Whether it was owing to this rough and ready practice, or to a naturally healthy and vigorous constitution, or to a combination of both circumstances, is uncertain; but the result was, that Pop recovered after a day or two; though every now and then, during the remainder of his life, particularly in the spring and summer, the place where he was bitten swelled very much; he then became dull, poorly, and inclined—a thing with him almost unknown—to snarl, then he would retire to his basket and sleep, and after about a day or so the attack would pass off, and he be just as usual again.

A little while after this adventure one of Pop's hind legs was trodden on by a pony, and broken. He was accordingly sent to the veterinary in the nearest town, and remained there some time. When he came home, his leg was still in plaster of Paris, and when he slowly raised it and endeavoured to scratch his ear with the injured foot, all encased as it was in a sort of cardboard box, the sight was too

much for us ; it was too comic, and we fairly roared with laughter, to the intense disgust of the invalid, who, after casting upon us one most reproachful glance, slowly turned, left the garden, and hobbled into the house. His father, Frisk, had just previously been on the sick list, having overbalanced off a table on to the tip of his tail ; the latter, unequal to the strain suddenly imposed upon it, snapped, close to the root ; but, thanks to most skilful treatment, reunited, and wagged as well as ever.

Frisk was indeed quite a veteran, and had received injuries enough to have killed an ordinary dog ; but in spite of them all, he flourished, and lived to the ripe old age of seventeen years. Each of his paws had been trapped at least once, and when he was no longer a young dog he fell out of an attic window, and was picked up, stunned, in the garden below. When examined, he was found to have fractured a rib. That was set, and soon became perfectly sound ; but not until too late was it discovered that he had also broken one of his forelegs, just above the paw, and that it had joined again, crookedly of course. To straighten it would have necessitated breaking and resetting the limb, so it was left alone, and by degrees rheumatism settled in the joint, and a swelling

formed at the side of it; nevertheless, Frisk got about pretty briskly whenever he thought fit to do so, and apparently without much inconvenience.

In the winter both he and Pop wore coats, made

FELL OUT OF AN ATTIC WINDOW, AND WAS PICKED UP, STUNNED, IN THE GARDEN BELOW.

of thick dark blue cloth, and bound with scarlet braid. Though they were such near relatives, they by no means acted upon the principle of having all things in common, and it appeared to cause them keen annoyance did either happen by chance to be arrayed

in the other's garment. The canine language used on these occasions was shocking, and so much ill-feeling was aroused, that we adopted the plan of marking each coat with its rightful owner's initial; after this, mistakes but seldom occurred.

Pop always accompanied us on our walks whatever the weather might be, but he did decidedly object to waiting about for us in the winter on the ice, if the ponds happened to bear; not that his patience was very often tried in this manner, for, as a general rule, no sooner was the ice sufficiently thick to afford some fun, than the thaw came.

Few people in that part of the world to which this story refers will have forgotten January, 1881—rendered memorable as it was by an unusually severe frost, followed by such a snowfall as had not been known in those parts for eighty years, according to the testimony of one of the oldest inhabitants of our village,—a storm which began quite quietly, as though the air were full of falling sifted sugar, which, by the time it was over, many hours later, had blocked all the roads (so that people walked on the tops of the hedges), and in some of the lanes had drifted to a depth of sixteen feet, and had not all melted in March.

The afternoon preceding this fall we spent upon the ice, determined to make the most of our opportunities before the snow came. Pop voted our proceedings exceedingly slow, and soon took himself off in search of amusement among the rabbit-holes in the fir wood skirting the pond. His coat was an extra thick one, new on that day.

About half an hour afterwards, a shivering, shame-faced, coatless dog appeared at the edge of the pond, and on being reviled, picked his way gingerly over the tacky ice, like the cat in walnut-shells, a thing he hated doing, to his mistress, and sitting down at her feet, looked up imploringly into her face, and made the tears come into his eyes.

It was beginning to get dark, and was, moreover, horribly cold; besides, the coat had given a deal of trouble in making, so Pop's mistress, though sorry for his discomfort, felt for once slightly vexed with him; at the same time, knowing his intelligence, the idea occurred to her that it was just possible Pop might be able to conduct her to the spot where the missing article was. So she told him to "go back, to go and find his coat, and show her where it was." Pop forthwith set off with her, and after a few minutes of rough walking, through the deep heather and dead bracken,

brought her to the mouth of a rabbit-hole, where lay his coat. It had caught against a tree-root, and, being a very loose fit, had been dragged over his head.

Most people will exclaim, "What a fool the dog was not to have brought the coat in his mouth!" but both Pop and his father were devoid of any aptitude for fetching and carrying, and unfortunately education had not supplemented nature's deficiency.

Frisk indeed, when quite a young dog, did once attempt to pick up a strange looking object which was reposing muffled up, on a bed where he had formerly been allowed to lie. It was pulpy, red and black, very ugly, done up in quantities of soft, white stuff, and he couldn't make it out at all; but there was a sort of wide band round the middle of the bundle, so Frisk got a firm grip of this, and endeavoured to lift the lump up. No use, too heavy! Frisk was a person of much determination and resource, and, resolved not to be "done," he walked all round the thing, examining it carefully as he went, and presently saw that something pink was sticking out at one end of the wrapping. Thinking that at last he should be able to come to business, Frisk gently mumbled this pink curiosity, merely to ascertain whether it were some new sort of rabbit.

The bed was a very high one, and the drop from it considerable for such a little dog, but two seconds hadn't elapsed before Frisk was flying down the passage, scared by the awful yells of the first and only baby he ever had the misfortune to hear; towards

EVERY DAY HE WALKED SEDATELY DOWN TO THE OLD COTTAGE WHERE HE WAS BORN.

whom, for several years, till it was old enough to be of use to him in the way of opening doors, etc., he cherished a feeling of deadly hatred and jealousy.

Poor Pop had the misfortune to lose one of his eyes in the spring following the great snow. He was

attacked by a dog much larger than himself, and in the fight which followed, his left eye was so severely bitten that it gradually shrivelled up, and became quite useless. All the same, he found his way about every-

THE OLD BEECH TREE WHICH BEARS ON ITS TRUNK THE NAMES OF ALL THE FAMILY.

where, though at first he sometimes came into collision with the furniture, and when out of doors with tree-trunks.

Every day regularly, at the same hour, he walked sedately down to the old cottage where he was born,

looked in on the coachman and his wife, and then as solemnly walked home again.

One cold March night he was accidentally shut out of the house when the servants went to bed, they believing him to have come in, and his coat was hanging on its peg. His mistress was away. Early next morning, the carpenter, coming to work, found poor Pop's body, quite stiff and frozen, in the field, midway between the old cottage and home, in which latter direction the head was pointing. Pop lies under the mossy turf in the sunshine, at the foot of the old beech tree which bears on its trunk the names of all the family carved in tiny letters. His name, too, is there; and it closes the list.

MONSIEUR ROBERT

One day in the middle of January we decided to go on a dormouse hunt ; not that we entertained much hope of finding one of the creatures, but because, in the first place, it provided us with an object for the afternoon, and, secondly, it would take us through some beautiful woods.

As it was the season when dormice spend most, if not all, their time in slumber, we did not expect to see any of them on the move, though the weather just then was very mild, but devoted our energies to searching for their nests, which look, to the uninitiated, like mere lumps of the coarse, long grass which grows so freely in damp woods and bogs, and which is locally known as tussock-grass. It forms dense tufts, and in summer is of a bright green colour, the long leaves being stiff and very sharp at

the edges, which, perhaps, is one reason why cattle and horses seem to care but little for it. In autumn it fades into a pale yellowish tint, and the once defiant-looking, lance-like leaves bend over in graceful curves. When left undisturbed this dead grass accumulates from year to year in layers, and proves a veritable bedding and general-furnishing warehouse to many inhabitants of the woods, one of its numerous patrons being the badger.

In the spring-time you may meet the dormouse rambling in the woods, or, as we once did, seated in a bird's nest! That particular nest belonged to a fly-catcher, and was built among the branches of a fine old Banksia rose which covered one side of our house. There were two whole eggs, and a third, of which only the shell remained, in the nest; and the fat dormouse in possession was of a sleek, self-satisfied aspect. Later in the year you may encounter your friend in the kitchen garden; and, though pretty impartial where fruit is concerned, if he have a particular weakness, it is for apricots and strawberries. When the hazel-nuts ripen he will be back in the woods once more, this time not only to feast, but to lay up stores, and prepare winter quarters, to which he may retire when the leaves are well off the trees.

On this particular afternoon we had hunted carefully all through a copse adjoining an apple-orchard, but without finding anything more interesting than old chestnut and acorn shells. This sort of thing

LATER IN THE YEAR YOU MAY ENCOUNTER YOUR FRIEND IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

becoming rather monotonous, not to say damping, physically as well as mentally, for every place was soaked by the heavy rains of a two days' down-pour, we resolved to try a fresh hunting-ground.

Here were numerous oaks, interspersed with fine old Spanish chestnuts, and a somewhat dense undergrowth of laurels. On one side of this shrubbery, and only separated from it by a gravel path and a narrow border, lay the old, brick-walled kitchen-garden; on the other was a narrow strip of rough ground, covered with coarse grass, heather, gorse, sweet briar, and brambles innumerable; here and there a slender young oak or mountain ash struggled bravely and none too successfully for existence. Beyond this waste ground was a narrow cart track, crossing which you entered a pine wood, and after wading knee-deep through the heather and moss with which it was carpeted, found yourself at last on a common.

We decided to rout about under the laurels and amongst the thorns and briars on the waste ground for a while; and, in the event of this covert also being drawn blank, to strike work for the day. Some people talk of trees, shrubs, and plants generally, as though they were senseless, unobservant, unintelligent sticks and stocks, and perhaps they are right as regards the prim, proper, respectable-looking vegetation which inhabits the parks and gardens of great cities, spending its existence behind iron-

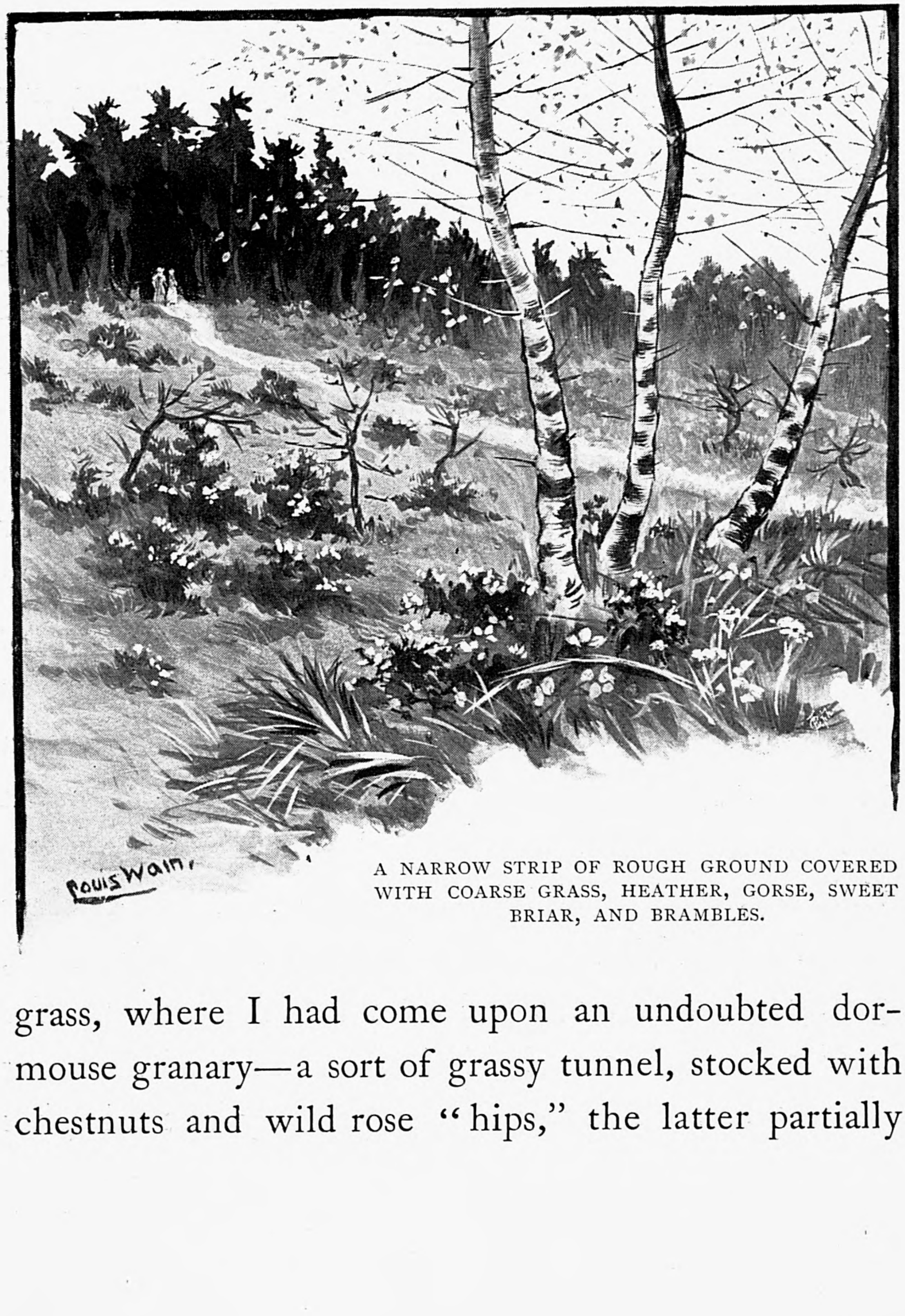
fencing, and under the supervision of police and park-keepers.

But as to these country plants and their behaviour, all I can say is, that if they had been previously warned of our coming and its object, and told at the same time to do their utmost to thwart it and us, they could not have offered a better organised or more combined resistance.

If we groped among the bushes, one long laurel spray would smack us across the eyes, whilst another emptied all the rain it had collected down our necks. When we emerged into the open, and began to examine the tufts of grass, a bramble, which was lying in ambush, first of all scratched us most maliciously, and then tripped us up, to the delight of a sweet-briar, which fixed its thorny fingers firmly in coats and other garments, and nearly tore them off before releasing us, delivering us over to the tender mercies of the gorse; the latter, as though it had been a hedgehog, at once set up all its old dry brown prickles, and, after inflicting numerous wounds therewith, more generously broke them off and left them in us.

By this time we were rabid, and secretly longing to cut the whole thing and go home, only neither of

us cared to be the first to admit defeat. I was extended, caterpillar-fashion, on the ground, grovelling at the foot of a wild-rose bush among some thick



A NARROW STRIP OF ROUGH GROUND COVERED WITH COARSE GRASS, HEATHER, GORSE, SWEET BRIAR, AND BRAMBLES.

grass, where I had come upon an undoubted dormouse granary—a sort of grassy tunnel, stocked with chestnuts and wild rose "hips," the latter partially

eaten—when a shout of triumph rang out behind me, and hastening to the spot from whence it arose, a round, sodden ball of tussock grass was held up before me. It had been found lying among the dead leaves, under a laurel bush, on the very edge of the waste ground. Another second, and we were both on our knees, tenderly dissecting the wet mass, in the heart of which lay, fast asleep, and stone cold, a large, very handsome dormouse, a young one, too, as we saw at once by his greyish-yellow coat, the beautiful reddish chestnut tint not being assumed till the animal has passed through its first winter.

Our prize was deposited in a pocket, and taken home at top speed. On arriving there we placed our friend, till a cage could be prepared, on a shelf in a cupboard, under a glass case—to wit, a large strong tumbler, which we tilted up slightly at one side, so as not to stifle the new specimen, should it wake. In about half an hour after its introduction to the warm house, the soft round ball of fur began to heave violently, and gradually to uncurl. The delicate round ears, which had been flattened against the head, gently came forward, and then stood erect, and the nose appeared from behind the shelter of the long slender tail. Then the eyes partially opened (that

seemed to be a terrific effort), disclosing a pair of slits, and the long black whiskers began to move and vibrate like the antennæ of a butterfly. The tiny pink hands opened and shut after the fashion of a baby's, and presently the whole sleepy, lukewarm creature began to crawl and totter and fumble in a helpless inane sort of way along the shelf. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and concluding that the dormouse hated the waking-up process as much as we did on winter mornings, we lifted him up gently and laid him in his new clean dry nest, to finish his nap in peace. Two hours later the sluggard was wide-awake, and busily employed in the investigation of his new quarters and in the observation of his fellow-lodger, an elderly, very yellow dormouse, who was named Yasimeen (jasmine), on account of the sweetness of his disposition.

It is interesting to note the facility with which dormice, even when adult, accommodate themselves to captivity. You may try for weeks to tame a house or field mouse, though it be but half grown, feeling all the time tolerably certain that on the first favourable opportunity which presents itself your would-be pet will depart with all possible speed, so that even the daily task of cleaning the cage becomes a labour

which demands a considerable amount of skill and precaution. But the dormouse, on the contrary, unless captured in the spring—at which time there is some risk of its pining away—quickly settles down, appears quite contented with its new surroundings, feeds freely, and by the end of a week will sit quietly in your hand and allow itself to be stroked. At any rate, such was the way in which Bobby behaved, his conduct, in fact, during the whole of his residence with us was most practical.

For a time all went smoothly, and the two mice dwelt together in harmony. M. Robert (as we called him, on account of his dandified appearance) was very handsome, very tame, and apparently endowed with a temper of angelic sweetness. He came to dessert with Yasimeen, learnt his way about thoroughly, and was generally regarded as a most estimable character.

The season of strawberries and green-peas was now in full swing, and our pets were nightly supplied with both fruit and vegetables. Somehow they seemed to be getting a trifle distant in their manner to each other, and rather eager, not to say grabby, over their meals. They took to sitting at opposite corners of their dining-room, glaring at each other from behind

a strawberry or through a tattered pea-pod. But beyond increasing the food supply, so as to remove all legitimate cause for jealousy and envy, we took no notice.

The dawn breaks early in July, and it seemed to me that I had but just fallen asleep, when through the still grey chilly air—all laden as it was with that peculiar sweet fresh scent, the unmistakable, mysterious herald of sunrise—arose the sounds and cries of battle. Some evil spirit seemed to have possessed the whole menagerie. The four piebald mice, who usually lived together in unruffled peace, were at it tooth and nail, whisking in and out of their nest, kicking up the sand in a sort of war-dance, and biting each and every unfortunate ear or tail that came within reach.

The wood-mouse, who lived next door, was sitting, ears pricked and paws clasped, at the entrance to his nest, using the strongest of mouse language, to judge from the loud chirps, in a very high key, which he kept uttering. But on reaching the dwelling of Robert and Yasimeen, what a sight was there!

The water dish was upset, the middle of the dining-room was bare of sand (the feet and tails of the com-

batants had swept it all away), strawberries were reduced to dusty pulp, and—oh shame and horror to relate !—the wires of the cage were stained all over with gore, and in the food tin lay a large tuft of soft brown fur. The animals had retired to the deepest depths of the sleeping box, where they were fighting it out to the bitter end, for every now and then a short smothered squeak was heard. Feeling that such disgraceful conduct must be stopped, I cautiously raised the lid of the box. Out bounced M. Robert, dashed to the edge of the table, and, before he could be stopped, alighted with a loud splash in the bath which stood beneath. He swam in great style to the big sponge in the middle of the bath, climbed up, sat on the top, and then began his toilet, to which occupation I left him, and proceeded to search for Yasimeen.

Underneath all the hay and moss in the sleeping box, crouching on the bare sand, crumpled up in a corner, was a little shivering, trembling, panting, bleeding mass of fur. Ears, nose, and eyelids were torn, and where, a few hours previously, had waved a long silky tail, was now a mangled stump. To bathe the wretched object's wounds and put it into a separate cage was the work of a very few minutes, after which I investigated the old nest most thoroughly in search

of the missing inch and a half of tail. In vain. Not a fragment of bedding but was pulled apart, shaken, and spread out on the table, but the tail was not there so most reluctantly I came to the conclusion that M. Robert had devoured it, being strengthened in this opinion by his extremely fat and bloated appearance.

He had been sitting calmly on the sponge all this while, surveying me and my movements with an air of mingled indifference and contempt. The bath was a very large specimen of the "saucer" type, so without a second swim he could not reach the side, and even if he had got so far, he would have been unable to gain a foothold on the convex rim, thus he was really a prisoner, and dependent on me for release. When I took him in my hand to return him to his cage, he with great presence of mind bit me through the thumb, and, taking instantaneous advantage of the involuntary relaxation of grasp which followed his attack, bolted up my arm to the shoulder, from whence a bold spring landed him on the curtain, up which he scrambled with the agility of a squirrel, ensconced himself on the end of the curtain pole, and from that strong position looked down on me with a most malevolent and vulpine grin. To leave him there was impossible, as a dormouse at large in the house is a

most mischievous creature, with a knack of gnawing through blind-cord, eating holes in curtains, and doing sundry jobs of a like nature ; but to re-capture him was no easy task. By the aid of chair and stool I succeeded in reaching the curtain pole. Bobby, on the alert, no sooner saw the outstretched hand advance to take him than he fled swiftly down the curtain, scampered, tail extended, across the floor, and, after dodging me under several heavy pieces of furniture, retreated to the furthest recess of the fireplace.

Fortunately the grate had a register, and that being at once shut, M. Robert's access to the chimney was cut off. At length he was ignominiously overwhelmed in the folds of a bath towel, in which his claws became entangled, and, after a deal of biting and wriggling on his part, he was once more replaced in his cage and securely shut in. After such a revelation of his bloodthirsty propensities as that night had afforded, it was out of the question to let him and his old companion continue to share the same house, so from that time forth M. Robert inhabited the large cage in solitary state, without any rival to disturb his equanimity at feeding times. He was very gentle with us as a rule, and came regularly to dessert, sitting generally on the table in a sort of

cloth basket which we contrived for him, and quite contented so long as he was supplied with preserved apricot, cherry, or any sort of fruit or sweetmeat. Though he never attempted to cross the table and help himself, he always made us understand when he wanted more, coming to the entrance of his basket, and sitting up with hands clasped, now and then twisting his head and long lithe neck from side to side with a snake-like grace of movement, his long whiskers all the time moving backwards and forwards with great rapidity.

Like many other wild creatures, Bobby displayed a strong taste for alcohol, licking greedily off one's finger any sort of sweet wine, port and elder-flower being special favourites. This fancy of his continued for about eighteen months, when, having one evening partaken more freely than usual of elder-flower wine, and been exceedingly poorly in consequence, he could never from that time be induced to touch wine of any description, except in trifle, for which dish, on account of the cream, he had a great weakness.

M. Robert had now been with us nearly four years, but showed no signs of advancing age, except in his coat, which had turned a very bright yellow. It was therefore a painful surprise to me one morning, when

away from home, to receive a letter announcing his unexpected decease, and enclosing a little sketch of him. If looks could be relied on as an index to the disposition, you would have said that M. Robert was a saint among mice, so serene was his expression. He had died quietly in his sleep—a sleep which that little sketch makes it difficult for one to realise as perpetual, so lifelike is it, though the last resting-place of M. Robert is under the great beech-tree, where the moss is always green, and where the crisp brown leaves of autumn linger on the ground, to welcome their successors in the spring.

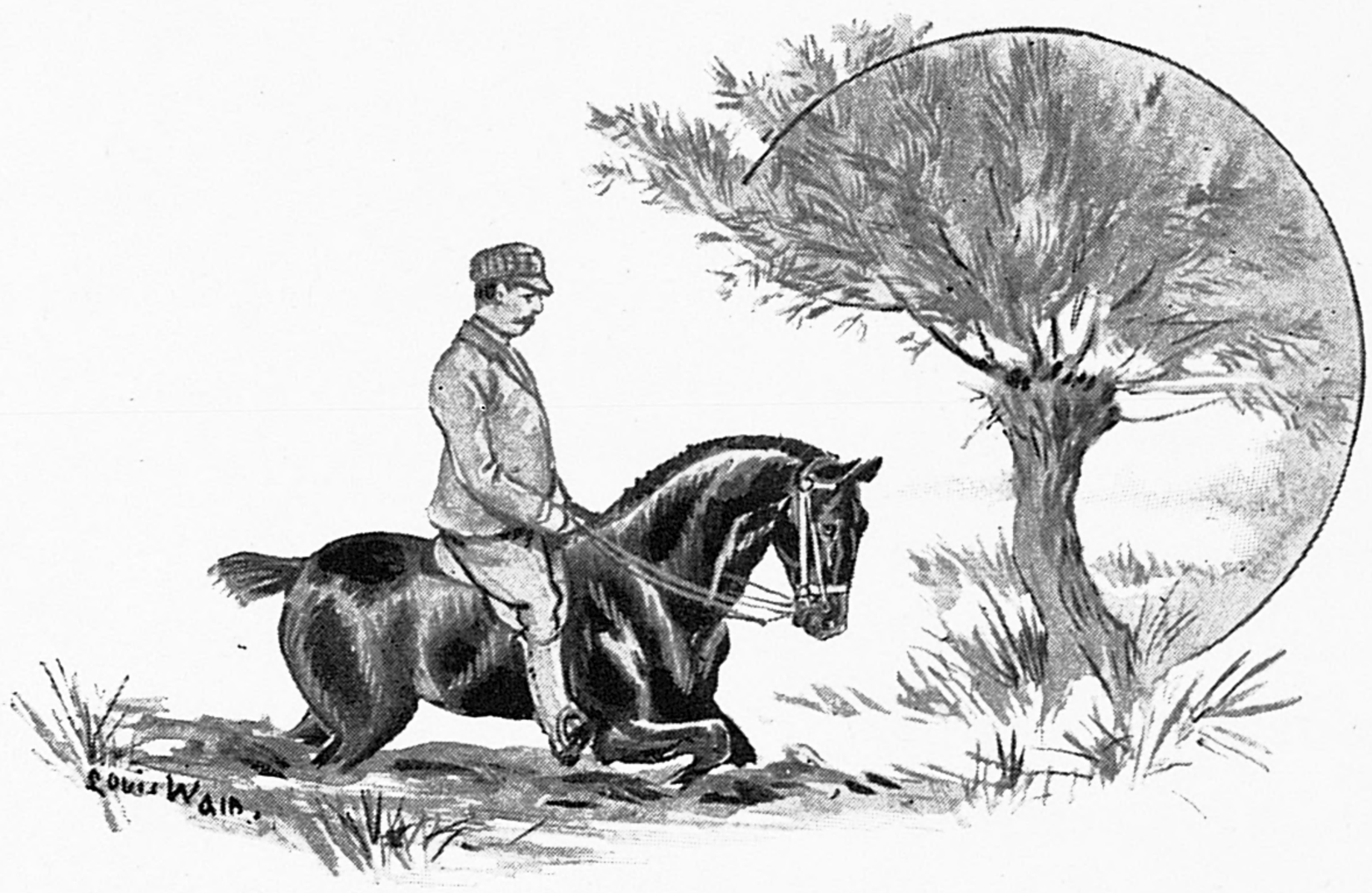
"MELANTHE"

THERE are some people for whom one's affection is always tempered with awe—mine was for Melanthe, the old black thoroughbred, who entered the service of the family in the capacity of carriage-horse a few years before I was born. Melanthe's master, an enthusiastic admirer of Greek literature and a fine Classical scholar, was sometimes tempted to bestow upon his horses names too hard for pronunciation by their attendants. Thus it came to pass that the name of Melanthe's stable companion, Ione, was quickly modified by the coachman into I.O.U.

Something soon went wrong with the latter animal, so she was sold, and Melanthe, who had never been very satisfactory in harness, owing to a disposition to rear at the least provocation, was tried and found perfect as a lady's hack. Her mouth was excellent, but a tight curb or heavy hands she neither could nor would endure, therefore, it may be imagined how she resented being driven with a bearing-rein, according to the fashion of the day ; if checked suddenly, she simply reared straight up on end. How an animal so unsuited to harness in build as well as disposition ever came to be sold for such work is a puzzle, but we heard afterwards that she had been ridden in a London riding school by a lady, and was reputed to have a queer temper ; when we knew her, though her spirit was proud and impatient, she was absolutely free from vice. At any rate she had fallen into right hands at last : during the next dozen years she was frequently ridden by a kind mistress, without the slightest shadow of a misunderstanding ever arising between them. Her colour was really brown, but of so deep a shade as always to be spoken of as black; it was in consequence of this that she was called "Melanthe," *i.e.*, the "Dark One." Her height was above sixteen hands, and she was said by experts to be beautifully

shaped. Her head was rather large and plain, but there was a look of great intelligence about it, and it was well set on to a lean wiry neck. Rumour said there was a dash of the "Flying Dutchman" blood in her, but we were never able to verify this assertion. When I first remember her she was already getting old; but her trot, on the rare occasions on which she chose to really exert herself, was still a swinging one, so that the pony which carried me (he was by no means a slug) had to canter his hardest to keep alongside of her. Ordinarily she went at a good round pace, but when aroused it was astonishing to see how she got over the ground. Jumping was not in Melanthe's line; if asked to take a ditch she would blunder through it by choice. Bogs she abhorred, we had good reason to believe that she had been bogged soon after coming to us. On reaching a "soft," *i.e.*, boggy spot, she would, if possible, stop short, paw the ground tentatively with her forefoot, snorting the while, and utterly decline to trust herself to any place which she did not consider strong enough to bear her. Though very high spirited, she was not given to tricks, the only one I can recall being that of shying habitually at a certain tumble-down cottage, to which she had taken a dislike, and at another cottage, where

she had once been startled by some white garments flapping in the wind. Quite quietly she would walk along the road, her ears flopping gently now and then, till we approached the objectionable cottage. Then her ears would go up, and she would gaze about her,



IF ASKED TO TAKE A DITCH SHE WOULD BLUNDER THROUGH IT BY CHOICE.

evidently on the look out for something to shy at. More often than not, there was nothing, and no one was better aware of this fact than Melanthe; nevertheless, she would have her shy, and be half across the road in a second. Her rider had a capital seat, and was moreover anticipating this performance; so that it didn't matter, though with a novice the results might

have been unpleasant. I doubt whether any amount of correction would ever have broken the animal of this trick, and certainly her mistress had no wish to punish as a vice that which was meant as play. Frightened at the cottage Melanthe undoubtedly was not when I can remember her pranking there, though she might have been when the trick first began. Naturally, the perky little pony, and the sedate fat chestnut, who generally accompanied Melanthe, imitated her evil example. A strong friendship subsisted between Melanthe and her mistress, at whose call the former would at any time leave her food and come across the yard or field. Melanthe's loose box commanded a view of her mistress's bedroom window. Each morning when the faithful creature heard the window opened and her name uttered, she would come to the door of her box and whinny; nor did she forget the voice she loved, though months passed without her hearing it. On one occasion her mistress had been abroad for a year; but the next morning after her return, directly she opened the window and called, Melanthe recognised the voice, and answered as of old.

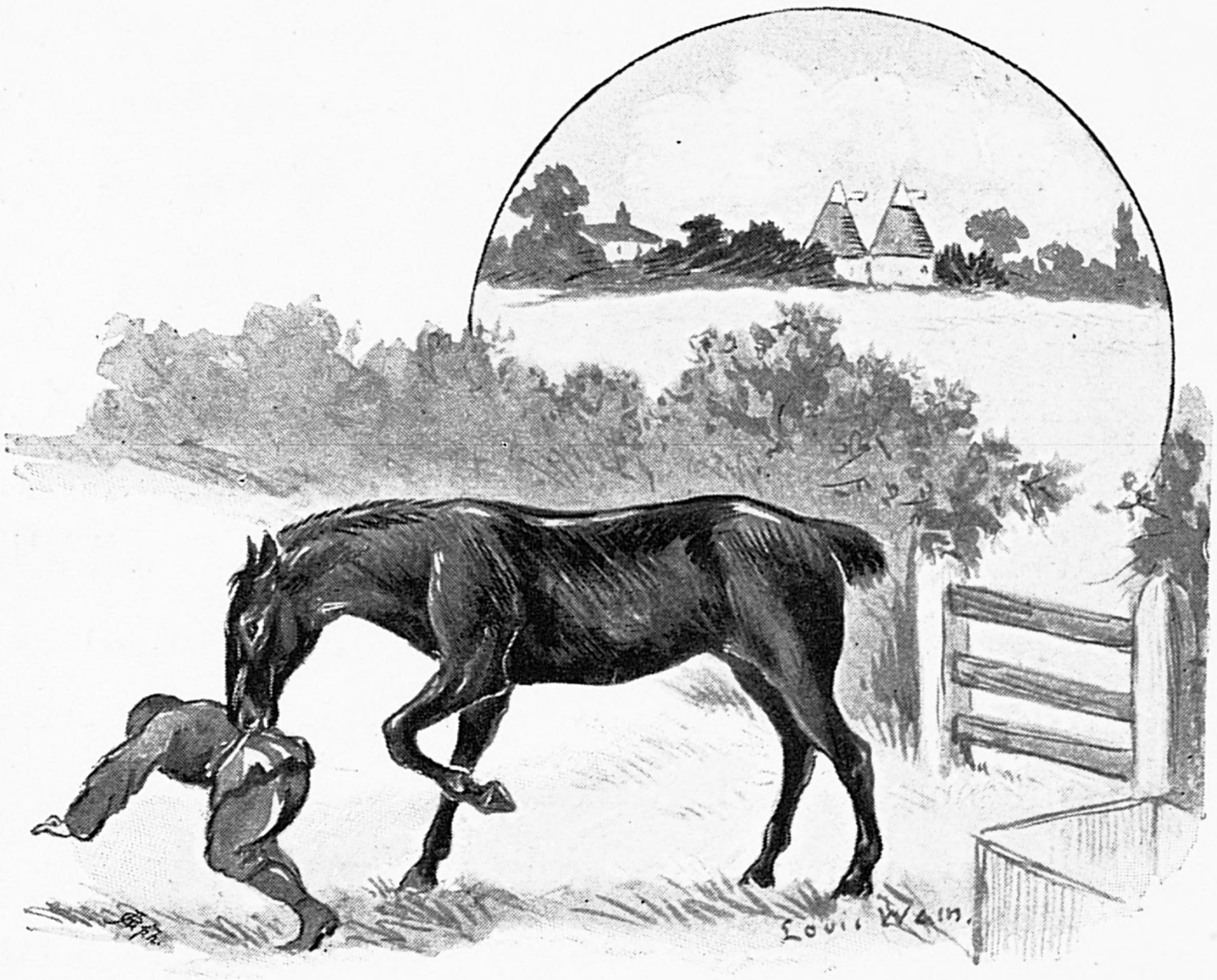
I never rode Melanthe, though as a child I used to be put on her back in the box as a treat, the old

lady turning round her head to have a look at the unwonted object perched up there. Our intercourse in those days was limited to the giving and receiving of carrots, bread, sugar, etc., which she always took in the most gentle manner. Later on, when she had retired altogether from work into the field, I saw a good deal of her and her children ; in fact, she grew quite fond of me, and would have continued so to the end, but for a most silly act on my part, which she never forgave, though it certainly was not intended for mischief. We used to boil up all the small potatoes, a copperful at a time, for the pigs ; the potatoes, after cooking, being placed in an old tub. I had often seen some of them given, whilst still quite warm, to the pigs, who ate them up with much enjoyment, and never seemed to mind their not being cold. So I thought Melanthe would like some too, and, meaning to give her a treat, picked out a nice one, the largest I could see, and handed it to her over the gate. It must have been hot within, though it didn't feel so without, for the old mare no sooner got it well between her teeth than she rejected it violently, and "went for" me, open-mouthed and ears tucked into her poll. The gate was a nice strong one, five-barred, and I was on the right side of it, so no harm

happened; but to her dying day, some twelve months later, Melanthe never trusted me again, never fed from my hand, and never cared for her foal (a special pet of mine) to come up to me; if the latter did do so, Melanthe always followed her, and kept one eye on me, which she hadn't done before. It was an unpardonable piece of thoughtlessness on my part, which richly merited condign punishment by "those in authority."

None was inflicted by them; but I felt, more keenly than any penance they could have devised, the rooted mistrust with which Melanthe thenceforward regarded me; I knew she thought I had wilfully hurt and deceived her, and I could not explain to her that I hadn't. A few weeks before this affair of the potato, she had frightened the garden boy nearly out of his wits, which came of going where he was forbidden. Thoroughbreds as they get old, and particularly if their foals are with them, are apt to be a bit touchy to strangers; so no one on the place, except of course her mistress and the groom, was allowed to go near that part of the field where Melanthe's corn-box stood; although generally very quiet, she sometimes turned a little rusty if disturbed at her food. "The boy," a lad of fourteen or so, knew all this; but one

day, wishing to make a short cut across the meadow down to the stream after some strayed ducks, he climbed over the fence and alighted just under Melanthe's nose beside her feeding box. No one,



MELANTHE CALMLY SEIZED HIM WITH HER TEETH BY HIS BELT, LIFTED HIM UP, SHOOK HIM.

save those concerned, were present; but according to "the boy's" account, Melanthe calmly seized him with her teeth by his belt, lifted him up, shook him —he said, "as Jim do a rat"—set him down again, and walked away. He wasn't injured, though his

clothes were, certain nether garments being badly rent; but when, pale with fright, he came into the house to be repaired, not a soul, except Melanthe's owner, could be found to pity him; on the contrary, every one roared with laughter, and chaffed him unmercifully. Some hot dinner, and a contribution towards a new pair of trousers, consoled him after a while, and he never bore his triumphant enemy any grudge; but when last I heard of him, he being then a soldier who had served his time in India and Burma, the remembrance of "t'old black mare" was as fresh as ever in his memory.

Melanthe's mistress could do anything with her, more even than the groom, kind though he always was to his horses.

One autumn evening at dusk, Melanthe and her two children were seen careering madly round the paddock, always avoiding the shed in which they slept, and which stood in one corner, separated by a fence from the shrubbery walk, beyond which lay a lodge belonging to a neighbour. Nothing would induce the animals to enter the shed, as was their wont at this hour; each time the groom got them near it, they bolted helter-skelter, apparently terrified. The little foal, but five months old, soon became

blown, following her mother at such a pace. The groom was at his wits' end, they could not be left out all night, yet how to get them in was beyon d

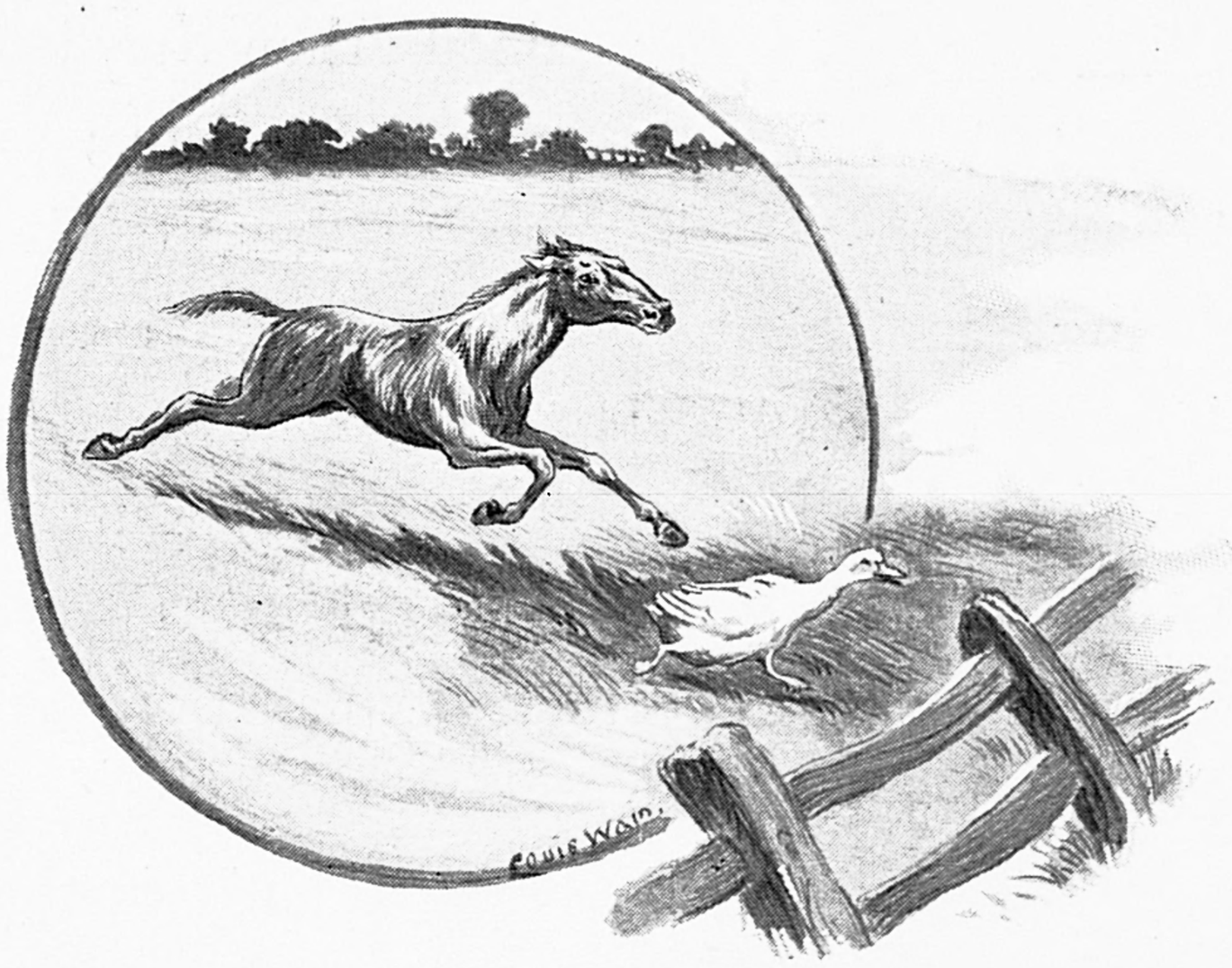
MELANTHE AND HER TWO CHILDREN CAREERING ROUND THE PADDOCK.

him. Their conduct was the more extraordinary as he had examined the shed and shrubbery, and could find nothing to account for this panic. Luckily Melanthe's mistress happened to look out of the

window, and saw the man in despair, trying to drive them into the shed. Arming herself with a large supply of sugar, she at once went out to them, and, by dint of calling, persuaded Melanthe to come up to her. Sugar and much patting and coaxing followed, then the groom was able to take hold of the head-stall, which was something gained ; then they induced her to come on a few steps, more sugar, etc. ; and so, with her mistress walking beside her, talking to, encouraging, and giving her sugar each time she stopped and trembled, Melanthe, followed by the two young ones, was at length safely conducted into the shed, and shut up for the night. We could never obtain any satisfactory explanation of her terror; the only way in which we could at all account for it was by the fact that early in the day, whilst the horses were in another field, a pig had been killed at the lodge, and it was thought possible that the smell of the singed hair, etc., might have made her uneasy. We thought too that some one might have been lurking in the bushes, but the most careful search failed to reveal any traces of an intruder.

Melanthe was a most affectionate mother, though the mischievous ways of "Ben," her eldest child, tried

her somewhat. Ben was an exceedingly clever colt, with an almost incredible aptitude for mischief. I looked after the poultry, and took great pride in it, and it certainly was annoying to see Ben full tilt after the fat Aylesbury ducks which had wandered into his



BEN FULL TILT AFTER THE FAT AYLESBURY DUCKS.

field. Quacking, flapping, tumbling, waddling, they fled before him, to the fence which divided their territory from his; and there ensued a terrific squash and struggle to get through, before he should pound them to a jelly beneath his hoofs, or playfully wrench out a mouthful of feathers—they never had the gumption to try and fly. Another day I was just in

time to see Master Ben, balanced on his hind legs, crane up his long neck, giraffe-fashion, and tweak out the beautiful, long, curved, metallic-green feathers from the tail of my pet silver-pencilled Hamburg, who had foolishly gone to roost in the lower branches of an old holly tree, overhanging the field.

Melanthe's end was very sad. She rolled into a deep narrow ditch at the end of the meadow; and though, being very strong in the back, she managed to get out after a fearful struggle—as we found later, by the hoof-prints in the clayey sides of the ditch—she injured herself so horribly internally that she died in a very few hours; and only after her death was the cause of it ascertained. Just before the end, as she was entering the shed, she raised her head, called to her children, who were in another box; and then dropped dead, so suddenly that she all but pinned the groom between her body and the wall. She was laid to rest under a large plane tree, where the ground in spring is covered with a sheet of daffodils.

RICHARD CLAY AND SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON AND BUNGAY.

MACMILLAN AND CO.'S BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

By Mrs. MOLESWORTH.

THE MAGIC NUTS. With Illustrations by ROSIE M. M. PITMAN.
Crown 8vo, cloth, elegant, *4s. 6d.*

Also Illustrated by LESLIE BROOKE. Globe 8vo, 2s. 6d. each.

MISS MOUSE AND HER BOYS.
THE ORIEL WINDOW.
SHEILA'S MYSTERY.
THE CARVED LIONS.
MARY.
MY NEW HOME.
NURSE HEATHERDALE'S STORY.
THE GIRLS AND I.

Illustrated by WALTER CRANE. Globe 8vo, 2s. 6d. each.

A CHRISTMAS POSY.
"CARROTS," JUST A LITTLE BOY.
A CHRISTMAS CHILD.
CHRISTMAS-TREE LAND.
THE CUCKOO CLOCK.
FOUR WINDS FARM.
GRANDMOTHER DEAR.
HERR BABY.
LITTLE MISS PEGGY.
THE RECTORY CHILDREN.
ROSY.
THE TAPESTY ROOM.
TELL ME A STORY.
TWO LITTLE WAIFS.
"US" AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.
CHILDREN OF THE CASTLE.

By Miss ROSSETTI.

GOBLIN MARKET. By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI. With 18 Page Illustrations and other Decorations by LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Cloth, elegant. Fcap. 8vo, *5s.*

SING-SONG: A NURSERY RHYME BOOK. By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI. With 120 Illustrations by ARTHUR HUGHES, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Small 4to, *4s. 6d.*

MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD., LONDON.

MACMILLAN AND CO'S BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY LEWIS CARROLL.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND. With Forty-two Illustrations by JOHN TENNIEL. First published in 1865. Eighty-sixth Thousand. Crown 8vo. 6*s.* net. People's Edition. First published in 1887. Sixty-sixth Thousand. Crown 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

ALICE'S ABENTEUER IM WUNDERLAND. Aus dem Englischen von ANTONIE ZIMMERMANN. Mit zweiundvierzig Illustrationen von JOHN TENNIEL. Autorisirte Ausgabe. Crown 8vo. 6*s.* net.

ADVENTURES D'ALICE AU PAYS DES MERVEILLES. Traduit de l'Anglais par HENRI BUÉ. Ouvrage Illustré de 42 Vignettes par JOHN TENNIEL. First published in 1869. Second Thousand. Crown 8vo. 6*s.* net.

LE AVVENTURE D'ALICE NEL PAESE DELLE MERAVIGLIE. Tradotte dall' Inglese da T. PIETROCOLA-ROSSETTI. Con 42 Vignette di GIOVANNI TENNIEL. First published in 1872. Crown 8vo. 6*s.* net.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES UNDER GROUND. Being a facsimile of the original MS. book afterwards developed into "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. With Thirty-seven Illustrations by the Author. Third Thousand. Crown 8vo. 4*s.* net.

THE NURSERY "ALICE." Containing Twenty Coloured enlargements from Tenniel's Illustrations to "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," with Text adapted to Nursery Readers. The cover designed and coloured by E. GERTRUDE THOMSON. Eleventh Thousand. 4to. 1*s.* net.

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS, AND WHAT ALICE FOUND THERE. With Fifty Illustrations by JOHN TENNIEL. Sixty-first Thousand. Crown 8vo. 6*s.* net. People's Edition. Forty-fifth Thousand. Crown 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND AND THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS, AND WHAT ALICE FOUND THERE. With Ninety-two Illustrations by JOHN TENNIEL. People's Edition. Crown 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK: An Agony, in Eight Fits. With Nine Illustrations by HENRY HOLIDAY. Twentieth Thousand. Crown 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

RHYME? AND REASON? With Sixty-five Illustrations by ARTHUR B. FROST and Nine by HENRY HOLIDAY. Sixth Thousand. Crown 8vo. 6*s.* net.

SYLVIE AND BRUNO. With Forty-six Illustrations by HARRY FURNISS. Thirteenth Thousand. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

SYLVIE AND BRUNO, Concluded. With Illustrations by HARRY FURNISS. Third Thousand. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

A TANGLED TALE. With Six Illustrations by ARTHUR B. FROST. Fourth Thousand. Crown 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

THREE SUNSETS AND OTHER POEMS. With Twelve Fairy-Fancies by E. GERTRUDE THOMSON. Fcap. 4to, cloth extra, gilt edges. 4*s.* net.

SYMBOLIC LOGIC. Part I. ELEMENTARY. Crown 8vo, limp cloth. 2*s.* net. Second Thousand.

N.B.—An Envelope, containing two blank diagrams (Biliteral and Triliteral) and nine counters (four red and five grey), can be had for 3d., by post 4d.

MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD., LONDON.

MACMILLAN AND CO'S BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

New Boys' Book by the Hon. J. W. FORTESCUE.

THE STORY OF A RED DEER. By the Hon. J. W. FORTESCUE. Fourth Thousand. Pott 4to, cloth extra, 4*s.* 6*d.*

New Boys' Book by JOHN BENNETT.

MASTER SKYLARK. A Story of Shakespere's Time. By JOHN BENNETT. With Illustrations by REGINALD R. BIRCH. Extra crown 8vo, 6*s.*

By the Countess of JERSEY.

ERIC, PRINCE OF LORLONIA; or, The Valley of Wishes. A Fairy Tale of the days of Chivalry. With Illustrations by ALICE R. WOODWARD. Globe 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

MAURICE; or, The Red Jar. A Tale of Magic and Adventure for Boys and Girls. With Illustrations by ROSIE M. M. PITMAN. Globe 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

By Canon ATKINSON.

THE LAST OF THE GIANT-KILLERS; or, The Exploits of Sir Jack of Danby Dale. New Issue. With Illustrations by NELLY ERICHSEN. Globe 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

WALKS, TALKS, TRAVELS, AND EXPLOITS OF TWO SCHOOLBOYS. A Book for Boys. With Illustrations. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

PLAYHOURS AND HALF-HOLIDAYS; or, Further Experiences of Two Schoolboys. New Edition. Illustrated by COLEMAN. Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

SCENES IN FAIRYLAND; or Miss Mary's Visits to the Court of Fairy Realm. With Illustrations by C. E. BROCK. Crown 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.*

By Sir SAMUEL BAKER.

TRUE TALES FOR MY GRANDSONS. With Numerous Illustrations by W. J. HENNESSY. Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

CAST UP BY THE SEA. With Illustrations by HUARD. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

RUTH AND HER FRIENDS: A Story for Girls. Globe 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

THE HEROES OF ASGARD: Tales from Scandinavian Mythology. By A. and E. KEARY. Globe 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

THE RUNAWAY. By the Author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal." Globe 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

WANDERING WILLIE. By the Author of "Conrad the Squirrel." Globe 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

PANSIE'S FLOUR-BIN. Illustrated by ADRIAN STOKES. Globe 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

MILLY AND OLLY. By Mrs. T. H. WARD. Illustrated. Globe 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

THE POPULATION OF AN OLD PEAR TREE; or, Stories of Insect Life. From the French of E. VAN BRUYSSEL. Edited by C. M. YONGE. Illustrated. Globe 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

HANNAH TARNE. By MARY E. HULLAH. Illustrated by W. J. HENNESSY. Globe 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD., LONDON.

MACMILLAN AND CO.'S BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

FOR PEGGY'S SAKE. By Mrs. EDWIN HOHLER. With Illustrations by F. H. TOWNSEND. Crown 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*

By Mrs. CRAIK.

THE FAIRY BOOK. The Best Popular Fairy Stories selected and rendered anew. Pott 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE AND HIS TRAVELLING CLOAK. A Parable for Young and Old. With Twenty-four Illustrations by J. M'L. RALSTON. New Edition. Globe 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

LITTLE SUNSHINE'S HOLIDAY: a Picture from Life. New Edition. Globe 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

OUR YEAR: a Child's Book, in Prose and Verse. Illustrated by CLARENCE DOBELL. Super royal 16mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

CHILDREN'S POETRY. Extra Fcap 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*

SONGS OF OUR YOUTH. Set to music. 4to, 5*s.*

THE ADVENTURES OF A BROWNIE, AS TOLD TO MY CHILD. Illustrated by Mrs. ALLINGHAM. New Edition. Globe 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

ALICE LEARMONT: a Fairy Tale. With Illustrations by JAMES GODWIN. New Edition revised by the Author. Globe 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

THE WHITE RAT, and some other Stories. By Lady BARKER. With Illustrations by W. J. HENNESSY. Globe 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

ANYHOW STORIES FOR CHILDREN. By Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD. With Illustrations by DOROTHY TENNANT. Crown 8vo, 1*s.* 6*d.* Sewed, 1*s.*

THE END OF ELFINTOWN. By JANE BARLOW, Author of "Irish Idylls." With Illustrations and Decorations by LAURENCE HOUSMAN. 5*s.*

MADAME TABBY'S ESTABLISHMENT. By KARI. Illustrated by L. WAIN. Crown 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*

HOUSEHOLD STORIES, from the collection of the Bros. GRIMM. Translated from the German by LUCY CRANE, and done into pictures by WALTER CRANE. Crown 8vo, 6*s.* Also with uncut edges, paper label, 6*s.*

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL. By the Author of "St. Olave's." Globe 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

NINE YEARS OLD. By the Author of "When I was a Little Girl," etc. Globe 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

A STOREHOUSE OF STORIES. Edited by C. M. YONGE. Two Vols. Globe 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.* each Vol.

AGNES HOPETOUN'S SCHOOLS AND HOLIDAYS. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. Globe 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

THE STORY OF A FELLOW-SOLDIER. By FRANCES AWDRY. (A Life of Bishop Patteson for the Young.) Globe 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD., LONDON.

STORIES FROM LOWLY LIFE

C·M DUPPA

MACMILLAN & CO